REVISED FINAL SCREENPLAY

"TOUCH OF EVIL"

BADGE OF EVIL

February 5, 1957

BADGE OF EVIL

Revised Final Screenplay

by

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CHARACTER LIST

RAMON MIGUEL VARGAS (Known to Susan as "MIKE")

A special investigator, attached to the Minister of Justice, in the Mexican Government -- in other words a federal official rather than a policeman. Mike, whose father was in the diplomatic service, was educated in Switzerland and England. He is an idealist, but not at all of the impractical, starry-eyed variety. His life is dedicated to the preservation of democratic institutions. He believes in the law; he is concerned with law enforcement, but his dislike of the abuses of police power is every bit as intense as his opposition to crime itself.

Six weeks ago, at a diplomatic party, Mike met a young American tourist --

SUSAN

They fell in love quickly and without any warning to their parents, were married. Susie is extremely attractive and quick and bright. Her alert and almost world-wise air in no way reduces an essential freshness and innocence in her personality; a peculiarly American combination, this mingling of cleverness and simplicity -- it still sometimes bewilders her Latin husband.

HANK QUINLAN

To the extent that a policeman's achievement is measured by the number of convictions he is responsible for, Quinlan is something close to a great man. But he is also a bully and a bigot. He regards himself, not as a servant of the public, but as an almost divinely inspired instrument of justice. He is the perfect opposite of everything Mike stands for, and his personal dedication is quite as complete as Mike's own. Before his story is over he has become not only a criminal, but a murderer, but this is not because of any compromise or defection from his own perverted principles -- it develops logically from the extension of those principles.

OW

CHARACTER LIST - CONTINUED

PETE MENZIES. The police sergeant who has been Quinlan's partner for many years. Pete has become in many ways a reflection of Quinlan, consciously striving to imitate his thoughts and equal his deeds. Pete is the third idealist in our story, but his idealism has been channeled into the worship of his chief. There is nothing Pete would rather be than a detective, and in his eyes there is no detective on earth more admirable than Hank Quinlan. But Pete has something vital which Quinlan lacks; he has a personal conscience and when he is ultimately forced to face up to the ugly reality that Quinlan is not a demi-god at all, but a grave menace to society, Pete finds the guts and dignity to stand on his own two feet and to defy the man he has so long adored.

"UNCLE JOE" GRANDI is the acting head of a large clan of gangsters who have been ruling the underworld of Los Robles on both sides of the border for two generations. But his leadership is recent. Mike has just put the real boss ("Vic") behind bars and "Uncle Joe" assumes the direction of the family affairs with great uneasiness -- even something like hysteria. He is not built to be a commanding general, (even in this provincial gang-land) -- up until now he had found his niche as manager of "Grandi's Rancho Grandi" and other more "private" clubs. Pornography and blackmail have been his extremely profitable sidelines. He is vain, a cowardly little man with a dirty and ingenious mind. Under his temporary leadership are a group of nephews and cousins, including:

"PANCHO" This is what Susan calls him -- we never learn his real name. He is the glamor boy of the young gang.

RISTO "VIC" Grandi's youngest and most loyal son, a definite neurotic; and not, in the ordinary course of things a regular member of the younger generation's social group.

SAL The biggest and toughest.

OW

CHARACTER LIST - CONTINUED - 2

CHINK	The quickest and cleverest.
	There are several other actual members of the family and friends, including some girls. (LIA, GINNIE and JACKIE)
MANOLO SANCHEZ	Not a criminal type, but as the story will show, he is among other things a liar. His love for Marcia Linnekar, however, is intensely real and deeply passionate.
MARCIA LINNEKAR	Spoiled, stupid, vicious and pretty.
ADAIR	The District Attorney. Fundamentally a politician, he is a thwarted playboy who maintains an adolescent obsession for the picturesque myths of the Old West. Not a crooked official, but something of a phony. He has an impressive manner, considerable personal charm and a completely second-rate intelligence.
GOULD	The chief of police, and a credit to his position. A slow, careful thinker, loyal to his personal and political friends, incorruptible, but rather hot-tempered.
SCHWARTZ	The D.A.'s Chief Investigator. He has quick, warm instincts and a bright future. Some day he will be the best District Attorney Los Robles ever had.

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BADGE OF EVIL

(BEFORE MAIN TITLES)

FADE IN

A A TIME BOMB...

B. A SHADOWY FIGURE

... making feverish adjustments on this primitive, but dangerous-looking MACHINE...

We HEAR the brassy thump and blare which accompanies the "bumps and grinds" of a typical "blow-off" in a strip-tease.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as the TIME-BOMB is placed very, very gingerly in the trunk of a pearl-grey open CONVERTIBLE which is parked in the alley next to:

"GRANDI'S RANCHO GRANDE"

This is a rather pretentious honky-tonk on the main thoroughfare of LOS ROBLES -- The Mexican side of a small town on the Texas border.

The shadowy figure -- CAMERA STILL FOLLOWING -- moves to a side window and looks in:

C VIEWPOINT SHOT - INT. HONKY-TONK

FOCUS ON A MAN -- beefy bald-head in an expensive-looking gabardine suit (in the f.g.) industriously nuzzling a SEXY BLONDE. On the wall behind can be seen the frenzied shadow of a strip-teaser in her ultimate gyrations. The Man is trying to persuade the Blonde to come away with him; she is easily convinced. As they rise:

D EXT. SIDE WINDOW

The shadowy figure scuttles back to the parked convertible, opens the lid of the trunk, and making some adjustment on the bomb, clearly starts the mechanism in operation. We HEAR a very faint ticking sound. This muted, menacing little noise persists... scarcely audible... It continues -- unnoticed by the other characters -- whenever the convertible is close to the camera...

CONTINUED

OW

D CONTINUED

The Man and the Blonde COME OUT of the honky-tonk and move to the car, the shadowy figure darting into hiding behind some garbage pails ...

Having paused for a kiss, the man in the gabardine suit now starts his car ...

MAIN TITLE

BADGE OF EVIL

THROUGHOUT ALL CREDITS:

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS the car as it moves through the gaudy streets of the border town on its way to the frontier...

As the LAST TITLE FADES OUT -- the car comes to a halt at a red light and MIKE and SUSAN are seen arm in arm, coming round the corner and strolling toward:

1 BORDER CHECK POINT

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
(to Susan)
American citizen?

SUSAN
(with a glance at Mike)
I am, -- yes.

The convertible pulls up at the barrier and the Driver starts drunkenly necking with the Blonde.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Where're you born, Miss?

SUSAN
Mrs.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
(slightly deaf)
What?

SUSAN
Philadelphia.

Mike has handed over his Mexican identification and now the Immigration Official, recognizing the name and picture, looks up --

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Oh, -- Vargas.
(calling over his shoulder to Customs Official)
Y'see who's here?

A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL joins the scene.

1 CONTINUED

The man in the convertible (LINNEKAR) honks his HORN.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
(to Mike, with a hearty laugh)
Hot on the trail of another dope-ring, Vargas?

MIKE
Hot on the trail of a chocolate soda for my wife.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Oh...your wife?

SUSAN
(lightly)
Barely a bride, Officer -- Come on, Mike.

LINNEKAR
Hey -- can't I get through?

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
(over his shoulder to Mike as he crosses to the car)
-- There's been a lot of talk up here about how you cracked that Grandi business --

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Nabbed the big boss, I hear.

MIKE
Only one of the bosses -- the Grandis are a big family.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
(his hand on the lid)
No purchases, Mr. Linnekar?

BLONDE
(tapping her head like a swimmer)
Hey --

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
(on the blonde's side of the car)
You born in America, Miss?

1 CONTINUED - 2

THE BLONDE
(Bronx accent)
-- I got this ticking in my head --

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
(with a grin)
Okay.

THE BLONDE
(vaguely worried)
Some kinda ticking noise...

Linnekar starts his car. The Immigration Official returns Mike's passport and smiles at Susan.

SUSAN
Mike...

The convertible moves past them across the border... They start to follow...

SUSAN (Cont'd)
... do you realize this is the very first time we've been together -- in my country.

MIKE
(stopping)
Do you realize it's over an hour since I kissed you?

Just as their lips meet -- there is a deafening EXPLOSION! A sudden glare of flame lights the darkness ahead...

2 QUICK FLASH - THE FLAMING WRECK OF THE CAR

A great hub-bub as a crowd starts to gather. Distantly the shrilling of police WHISTLES is heard...and then the scream of an appraching SIREN...

3 REVERSE ANGLE

The following sequence photographed with a hand camera - the operator following Mike and Susan through the crowd on foot.

Mike, followed by Susan, is running forward when an OLD MAN (a field-hand type) dashes by, going in the other direction. Mike stops him and there is a swift exchange in Spanish.

SUSAN
Mike! -- what's happened?

The old man dashes OFF SCENE.

3 CONTINUED

Mike continues hurrying toward the scene of the accident, Susan tagging along at his side.

MIKE
It exploded --

SUSAN
(breathlessly, by now they are almost running)
Just the car? -- How could it do that?

MIKE
I'd better find out, Susie. Don't you come any closer... It's bound to be messy... We'll have to postpone the soda, I'm afraid --

SUSAN
(catching up with him)
Why? -- Can't I come and see, too?

MIKE
(turning back with a nervous laugh)
Darling, don't be morbid.

SUSAN
(flaring up a trifle)
Well, what are you being, for golly's sake? Anyway, it happened over here on the American side -- so --

MIKE
(his voice hardens)
So it's none of my business?

SUSAN
(after a moment)
That's sort of what I mean, I guess.

MIKE
(very serious)
You're wrong, love. This could be very unpleasant for us...

SUSAN
For us -- ?

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED - 2

MIKE
I mean for Mexico.
(sighs)
There's probably nothing I can do --

SUSAN
So -- ?

MIKE
So I'll try not to be too long about it.

He kisses her in haste but very tenderly -- then turns and breaks into a run. HAND CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM TO THE wrecked car. Policemen are holding off the gathering crowd.

MIKE
(to Schwartz)
Can you tell me who's in charge here?

SCHWARTZ
Brother, I can't even tell you what happened.

Mike signals a greeting to a young MAN standing in the group. (Throughout this sequence there is continuous movement through the crowd, police, firemen, etc.)

MIKE
Hi, Blaine -- thought you were in Washington.

BLAINE
I leave tomorrow. You know Schwartz of the D.A.'s office?
(they shake hands)
Why aren't you back in Mexico City? When's that trial come up?

MIKE
Grandi's? Thursday. I'd been hoping to catch the morning plane, but now --

3-A FRESH ANGLE

(Change from HAND CAMERA to FREE HEAD ON BABY CRANE ARM.)

Mike gives Blaine a look.

BLAINE
(quietly)
You mean this business?

3-A CONTINUED

MIKE
(looking unhappy)
I'm afraid so.

BLAINE
(holding Mike's eye)
That bomb came from your side of
the border --?

MIKE
The car did.

SCHWARTZ
Wow! --

CUT TO

4 THE BORDER - THE MEXICAN SIDE

B.G. Susan can be seen coming through the border check. In the f.g. a young handsome MEXICAN TYPE, tall and extremely good-looking in a rather sinister way, stands watching her. After she passes him, he throws away his cigarette and starts after her, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

CAMERA, MOVING AHEAD of the young Mexican, catches up with Susan and holds her f.g. as she continues up the street on her way to the hotel.

The handsome Mexican is close at her heels and now, as she stops to let some traffic pass, he comes up next to her, showing his white teeth in a dazzling grin. She gives him an unmistakingly cold shoulder and starts briskly across the street, where she is very nearly run down by a speeding truck.

4-A FRESH ANGLE TO COVER ACTION

The handsome youth saves her, yanking her back to safety, and then laughs into her face. A few idlers gather to view this scene. The Mexican says something and Susan tries to pull away, but he persists, holding her arm. There has been a good bit of giggling from the onlookers, and now one of them steps forward.

ONLOOKER
(translating)
Lady, he says you don't understand
what he wants!

SUSAN
I understand very well what he
wants!

GIGGLES from the crowd.

4-A CONTINUED

ANOTHER ONLOOKER
(leering)
He save you life, lady.

SUSAN
Tell him I'm a married woman -- and my husband is a great big official in the government -- ready and willing to knock out all those pretty front teeth of his.

During this, the youth has been MURMURING something to the First Onlooker.

FIRST ONLOOKER
That's it, lady -- your husband -- That's what he wants to talk about.

The Mexican youth now holds out to her a grubby slip of paper.

SUSAN
(taking the note and reading it aloud)
'Follow this boy at once. We have something very important for Mr. Vargas.'

She looks up from the note. The Mexican nods. From the greasy duck-tailed hairdo to the sharp-pointed shoes, it's very obvious just what type of young character this is. Caution, however, is not a virtue of Susan's, and curiosity is her guiding vice.

SUSAN
Well --
(an almost invisible shrug)
What have I got to lose?

The Mexican starts to speak.

SUSAN
Don't answer that!

She starts off with the handsome Mexican at her side.

SUSAN
(noticing the direction)
Across the border again? Okay -- lead on, Pancho.

Their departure is watched with delighted interest by the small Mexican crowd. CAMERA CRANING with Susan and "Pancho" MOVES THRU:

4-A CONTINUED

THE LARGE AMERICAN CROWD on the other side of the border, at the scene of the explosion. The Fire Department is much in evidence; also uniformed POLICEMEN and various plainclothes OFFICIALS hustle about... The police PHOTOGRAPHER is busy with the wrecked car and the bodies.

CAMERA NOW MOVES toward a car as ADAIR, the D.A., climbs out of it and is met by Police Chief GOULD.

ADAIR
Where's Quinlan?

GOULD
Driving in from that turkey farm of his --

ADAIR
(nervous laugh)
Hank must be the only man in the county who didn't hear the explosion.
(then sobering as he sees Mike and the others)
Terrible thing, isn't it?
(to Schwartz as he ENTERS scene)
Has the daughter been told?

GOULD
We're bringing her right over now, to identify Linnekar's body --

SCHWARTZ
Or what's left of it.

5 thru 7 OMITTED

8 FRESH ANGLE

MARCIA LINNEKAR, escorted by Menzies and a uniformed policeman, stands before one of the two blanket-covered forms. Everyone's eyes are riveted on her as a policeman kneels and lifts the corner of the blanket. Marcia stares at the body for a moment, expressionlessly.

8-A MED. GROUP SHOT - ADAIR, GOULD, SCHWARTZ AND MIKE

SCHWARTZ
(to Mike)
An hour ago Linnekar had this town in his pocket. Now you can strain him through a sieve!

OW

8-B TIGHT GROUP SHOT - MARCIA, MENZIES AND POLICEMAN

MARCIA
(staring down - numbly)
That's my father.

MENZIES
Now, Miss Linnekar, if you can identify the woman --

MARCIA
(coldly)
I'm not acquainted with my father's girl friends.

MENZIES
Okay, Miss Linnekar, Cap'n Quinlan's driving up now -- there'll be some more questions from him.

He EXITS scene.

9 MED. FULL SHOT

A dusty sedan pulls up. Menzies hurries forward and opens the do

10 OMITTED

11 GROUP SHOT - FRESH ANGLE

ADAIR
(breezily to Mike)
Vargas -- you have met the famous Hank Quinlan?

MIKE
(tactfully)
I look forward to it.

SCHWARTZ
That's what you think.

12 CLOSE SHOT - SEDAN

Quinlan swings his game leg out of the car and, still sitting there, surveys the smoking wreckage in front of him.

QUINLAN
(to Menzies)
Did they toss it in, or was it planted ahead of time?

OW CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

MENZIES
Who--?

QUINLAN
Whoever did it, y'jackass!

13 GOULD

Mike and others in b.g. CAMERA PANS Gould to Quinlan.

GOULD
You figger it was a bomb then,
Hank?

Quinlan moves ponderously forward out of the car.

QUINLAN
Well, Chief, -- Rudy Linnekar
could have been struck by lightning--
Where's the daughter?

MENZIES
(proud of his efficiency)
Marcia? Got her right here waiting
for you, Hank.

QUINLAN
Let her go.

14 TRAVELLING SHOT

Quinlan starts limping toward the wreck, the others following.

GOULD
Don't you even want to question
the daughter?

QUINLAN
Let her go, and put a tail on her.
Maybe she'll lead us to the boy
friend.

MENZIES
Hank, who said there is a boy
friend?

QUINLAN
(coming to a halt)
Look at Marcia Linnekar.

MENZIES
I seen her.

14 CONTINUED

QUINLAN
Describe her.

MENZIES
Five feet four; brunette, green --

QUINLAN
(chuckling)
Pete, you gotta learn to stop talkin' like a cop -- if you want to be a detective. Go look at her again.

MENZIES
(embarrassed)
But, Hank --

QUINLAN
(barking the order)
Go look at her.
(suddenly mild)
Then come back and describe her in two words.

Menzies LEAVES. Later b.g. we see him circling Marcia -- eyeing her.

QUINLAN
(thoughtfully)
This jane Rudy had with him --

ADAIR
(self-importantly, - not pleased to have been snubbed)
Just some strip teaser from --

QUINLAN
(pretending to notice him for the first time)
What do you know -- even the D.A.

ADAIR
Yes, we were all at the banquet right here at the Capri Restaurant --

QUINLAN
(cutting him off, smiling crossly)
G-men, T-men . . . quite a little tea party! All to watch Rudy Linnekar's bonfire . . . Pete says you even invited some kind of Mexican --

14 CONTINUED - 2

This causes embarrassment, since Quinlan, perhaps without realizing it, has just now come to a stop next to Mike.

MIKE
(easily)
Nobody invited me -- On this side of the fence I'm afraid I'm merely what's known in the United Nations as an "observer."

QUINLAN
(turns to flash him a quick look)
Is that what they call it?...Well, you don't talk like one, I'll say that for you. Mexican, I mean.

MIKE
Yes, that's what I thought you meant.

They eye each other carefully, in silence. This is clearly a case of hate at first sight.

ADAIR
This is Captain Quinlan, Mr. Vargas --

MIKE
(calmly)
So I gathered.

The two men continue to size each other up. Mike is bound and determined to be diplomatic.

MIKE
Captain -- you won't have any trouble with me. I merely --

QUINLAN
(cutting him off)
You bet your sweet life I won't.

ADAIR
(with quick politician's tact)
I don't think Mr. Vargas claims any jurisdiction --

QUINLAN
I should hope not! Two people -- Americans -- are blown to hash with dynamite practically at the front door of my own police station --

14 CONTINUED - 3

Quinlan turns as Menzies comes up to him.

QUINLAN
All right, Pete...your description of the Linneker girl --

MENZIES
In two words? -- Hot stuff.

QUINLAN
And you're still surprised when I ask about a boy friend?

Menzies laughs admiringly. The others chuckle.

GOULD
(to Quinlan)
Hank, of course we're all of us going to cooperate with Mr. Vargas, here --

ADAIR
Certainly -- I'm sure we're very grateful to him for any help he --

QUINLAN
Vargas is goin' to tell us who did it -- or just ask?

MIKE
(restraining his temper; very correctly)
Just one question, Captain -- if you don't mind. What makes you so very certain it was dynamite?

A pause.

QUINLAN
My leg.

MIKE
Your what?

Quinlan turns away.

MENZIES
His game leg...Sometimes he gets a kind of a twinge -- like folks do for a change of weather. "Intuition" he calls it --

OW CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED - 4

They stare at him.

SCHWARTZ
(to Quinlan)
Mr. Vargas has a theory that the murder itself was committed outside of our jurisdiction; what does your game leg say about that?

ADAIR
(the idea dawning slowly)
-- You mean the bomb might have been planted in Linnekar's car -- in Mexico?

MIKE
I'm afraid it must have been.

ADAIR
What do you say to that, Hank?

QUINLAN
(looking at Mike shrewdly)
I'd say he'd have to prove it.

MIKE
(with a smile)
I'd rather Captain Quinlan did the proving -- All I want is to be wrong ....

QUINLAN
Yeah?

CUT TO

15 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The smoke of the wrecked car shows in the livid searchlights of the fire engines and police cars. But this is in the distance -- Susan is being led along a side street to:

16 A SHABBY HOTEL

Palpably disreputable... Here, to Susan's horror, the handsome Mexican comes to a halt. She is about to break away. As she starts toward the door with the handsome Mexican, a VOICE calls to her:

THE VOICE
(a woman's)
Hey, lady --

OW

17 REVERSE ANGLE - SUSAN'S VIEWPOINT

A YOUNG WOMAN -- rather flashy in a Latin way -- holds up a very cute baby.

YOUNG WOMAN
Ain't he cute?

18 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN

Rather bewildered, she looks o.s. at the child.

MAN'S VOICE
Smile at the pretty lady -- that's it.

Susan, still confused, smiles back. "Pancho" moves quickly INTO THE SHOT and, with a broad grin, takes her arm. There is a sudden GLARE of a flash bulb!

19 REVERSE ANGLE

A man holding a camera with a flash attachment has come up behind the woman and the baby. Now, having got his picture, he lowers the camera with a satisfied leer.

20 MED. SHOT - DOOR OF THE HOTEL

GRANDI is waiting near the door. Middle-aged, he is flashily dressed in the worst North American taste, and sports a rather sticky-looking toupee.

21 INT. HALLWAY - DIRTY HOTEL

From the other side of the wall comes the wail of a JUKE BOX... This is a grim, sinister little place -- very down at the heel - and dimly lit. Susie is just getting her bearings when she hears the SOUND of the door being closed and bolted. She takes stock of the situation and decides it is not very promising. She is standing in a tiny, ill-lit hallway at the foot of some stairs, and keeping her company are two evil-looking strangers.

The handsome Mexican, standing guard at the door, MUTTERS something, at which Grandi -- with the instant suspicion of the slow-witted -- narrows his eyes dangerously.

GRANDI
He says you call him "Pancho"...
Why you call him "Pancho?"

21 CONTINUED

SUSAN
(gulping down her fright)
Just for laughs, I guess. This note says you have something for my husband.

Slight pause....

GRANDI
My name is Grandi.

SUSAN
Oh...

GRANDI
You heard that name before, huh? --

SUSAN
Well, aside from the case my husband's been working on -- isn't Grandi the name of that night club?

GRANDI
Yeah. "Grandi's Rancho Grande" -- kind of a joke. -- Get it?

SUSAN
I can't say it's the funniest thing I ever heard.

GRANDI
Yeah?... The name's Italian -- The Grandi family is livin' here in Los Robles a long time. Some on this side; some of us in Mexico, and --

SUSAN
(starting toward the door again, and again stopping)
Must be convenient for business.

GRANDI
Yeah? What business?

SUSAN
Grandi business.

GRANDI
(a la "Little Caesar")
Yeah?

21 CONTINUED - 2

SUSAN
(responding in an imitation of his voice)
Yeah.

GRANDI
Yeah.

SUSAN
Yeah, yeah, yeah!

GRANDI
What?

SUSAN
You've been seeing too many gangster movies, Mr. Grandi -- Mike may be spoiling some of your --

GRANDI
Mike?

SUSAN
My husband --

Grandi starts to speak.

SUSAN
Yeah, and if you're trying to scare me into calling him off, let me tell you something, Mr. Grandi -- I may be scared but he won't be. He wasn't even bothered when you blew up that car.

GRANDI
(fiercely)
Stop that!

"PANCHO"
Shush --

SUSAN
Stop what?

GRANDI
The Grandi family's got nothin' to do with that bomb!

"PANCHO"
Shush --

21 CONTINUED - 3

GRANDI
My brother Vic's in jail already! --
We don't want no more trouble!

SUSAN
Come to think of it, Mike must be
looking for me just about now --
and that's bound to mean trouble --
(breaks off)
What's so funny about that?

It was "Pancho" who laughed. Now, he says something to Grandi in SPANISH, and Grandi also smirks.

GRANDI
He wants to know if your husband
is jealous, Senhora.

She looks at him; takes a deep breath and then speaks, -- very softly.

SUSAN
(quietly)
You silly little pig.

GRANDI
(after a stunned
silence)
Who are you talkin' about?

SUSAN
(still without
raising her voice)
I'm talking about you -- you ridic-
ulous, old-fashioned, lop-sided,
jug-eared Little Caesar --

GRANDI
(dangerously)
I didn't get that -- you have to
talk slow --

SUSAN
I'm talking slow -- but in a minute
I'll start to yell.

GRANDI
I wouldn't do that, Senhora...
(he broods over
the injustice of
it)
'Til just a little while ago this was
a nice peaceful little town here, and
then Vargas comes along and --

21 CONTINUED - 4

SUSAN
Mr. Grandi! You said you had something for my husband... Don't you think it's time you gave it to me?

GRANDI
I think it's time he goes back to Mexico City. That's advice! That's what I got for him!

"PANCHO"
Shush --

GRANDI
Good night, Mrs. Vargas.
(he has unbolted the door to the street)

SUSAN
Then the conference is over?

GRANDI
Eh?

SUSAN
I'm free to leave?

GRANDI
Free? Who said you wasn't free? Nobody was holding you or keeping you here, Mrs. Vargas. Nobody's even laid a hand on you...you were just payin' a visit...

"Pancho" flashes her his sexy grin and bows her out of the door.

SUSAN
Well, good-bye all --

CUT TO

22 EXT. SCENE OF THE WRECK

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Quinlan, Mike and a small group of the other officials moves from the crowd ringing the smoking car -- down the road and across the frontier line.

GOULD
Hank -- you can't just march across into Mexico like this --

OW CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

QUINLAN
Thousands do every day.

GOULD
Tourists, but --

QUINLAN
So we're tourists.

They have reached the barrier. Gould stops, the others continue.

GOULD
(calling after them)
You'll have to get along without me.

QUINLAN
We'll try, Chief. Go on home to your wife.

GOULD
(b.g., waving and turning)
Well, good night all....

There are calls of "GOOD NIGHT" from the others who continue -- led by Quinlan -- across the border, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

MENZIES
(to Adair)
Captain Quinlan wants to check on the girl that was with Linnekar in the death car.

ADAIR
I know.
(self-importantly to Quinlan)
She was one of the girls at Grandi's place. I think I told you --

QUINLAN
Pete told me on the phone before I left home.

MENZIES
(flattered)
That's right --

QUINLAN
(giving him a look)
And I told him I wanted to see all the strip teasers in the joint.

22 CONTINUED - 2

MENZIES
But Hank, in Mexican territory --
what can we do?

ADAIR
(cheerfully)
There's no law against visitors
asking questions, is there, Mr.
Vargas --
(looking around)
Where did he go?

CUT TO

23 EXT. AND INT. HOTEL

Through the glass window we can see Mike in the lobby, pressing questions on a bellhop. The man shrugs; Mike -- looking worried -- opens the door and comes out into the street just as Susan runs INTO SCENE straight into his arms.

24 CAMERA TIGHTENS TO A TWO SHOT

MIKE
Susie! -- Where in the world were
you? Where did you go?

SUSAN
(weakly)
Oh, Mike...darling... Just wait
till I tell you. This crazy thing
that happened to me --

And she starts to explain.

MIKE
Tell me later.

25 OMITTED

26 MED. SHOT - QUINLAN'S GROUP - MEXICAN STREET

They exchange looks as they come to a halt.

QUINLAN
Who's the jane?

ADAIR
(under his breath)
His wife.

26 CONTINUED

QUINLAN
Well, whatya know --!
(slight pause)
She don't look Mexican either.

Quinlan turns and leads the way into Grandi's Rancho.

27 REVERSE - TIGHT TWO SHOT - MIKE AND SUSAN - HOTEL ENTRANCE

MIKE
Darling, let me take you to the hotel.

SUSAN
(as Mike turns to go)
-- You mean you're leaving me?

MIKE
(breaking in gently)
I'll be just across the street --
I hate leaving you like this, but
after all, I'm working on a case --

She glares at him; then turns to the honky-tonk.

28 HER VIEWPOINT - FULL SHOT - "GRANDI'S RANCHO"

with big cheesecake blow-ups.

29 BACK TO SCENE

SUSAN
(reading the sign)
"Twenty Sizzling Strippers--" Some case! Who pinned the tin badge on you. Fearless Fosdick?

MIKE
Well, Susie --

SUSAN
Oh, for heaven's sake!

MIKE
(breaking off,
doing a mild
double-take)
Fosdick? Who's he?

OW CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

SUSAN
(with a sigh)
A corny detective in a comic strip.

She marches indignantly INTO the hotel --

MIKE
Susie --

But she has gone. He sighs and moves across the street.

30 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A man is dimly seen dashing into cover of shadow -- Mike APPEARS at the head of the alley, asks the STREET VENDOR in Spanish where exactly Linnekar's car was parked. The place is pointed out, and Mike turns into the alley. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he starts a careful tour of investigation.

31 FRESH ANGLE

The man's figure lurking in the shadows. A streak of light from the side window of the night club picks up a cautious movement of his hands...he is holding a bottle.

32 VERY CLOSE SHOT - BOTTLE

The bottle is very carefully uncorked... We notice that the hands are protected by rubber gloves.

OW

33 INT. RANCHO

The same as the prologue, except that another girl is performing on the stage. Adair, Schwartz and Quinlan stand at the bar, confronting a dozen flashy-looking GIRLS. These are the performers in the show. Adair is trying to make time with a cute BRUNETTE.

MENZIES
(to the girls)
...So not one of you tamales even knew the murdered dame?

The girls shake their heads and shrug. Quinlan finishes his glass of milk. Most of the others have highballs, and the girls hold champagne glasses. In b.g. the bartenders are busy with various bottles.

A GIRL
...Zita only joined the show a coupla days ago.

QUINLAN
(with a grunt)
We're wasting our time here.

ADAIR
(with a giggle)
Oh, I wouldn't say that.

QUINLAN
The key to this whole thing is the dynamite... The killer didn't just want Linnekar dead -- he wanted him destroyed -- annihilated.

MENZIES
Like that ax-slaying in '39?
(to the others)
I'll never forget how Hank discovered the ax -- after we'd all given up searching. I swear, he's got him a nose for evidence like a regular old bloodhound --

QUINLAN
(breaking in - with great sincerity)
What I've got is a nose for guilt ... Guilt!
(with contempt)
Evidence is for the lawyers --

He rises...

OW CUT TO

34 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Studying the ground Mike moves nearer to the waiting figure in the shadows - CAMERA PANNING TO FOLLOW. Suddenly the gloved man leaps OUT and dashes the contents of the bottle at Mike - aiming at his face. Luckily, Mike's reflexes are quick: he ducks half-covering his face with his hand coming in fast under the man's arm. Taken off balance the man trips and the bottle flies past Mike - Mike grabs at the acid-thrower, but he darts past him and rushes out of the alley, across the street, Mike in pursuit.

35 thru 37 OMITTED

38 QUINLAN

coming out of the Rancho's entrance, Menzies closely behind him. He looks off-scene.

39 QUINLAN'S ANGLE

A truck and a taxicab cross from opposite directions. A bunch of merry-making SERVICE MEN and a scattering of INDIAN TYPES all come between Mike and the man he is chasing. A Mexican POLICEMAN hurries toward Mike as we

CUT TO

40 BACK TO SCENE

Adair and Schwartz join Quinlan and Menzies in front of the Rancho

QUINLAN
(to Schwartz)
Looks like your friend Vargas got himself into some trouble --

41 OMITTED

42 REVERSE ANGLE

Mike and Policeman f.g. Another policeman joins scene as Mike issues staccato instructions in Spanish. The police EXIT scene, obviously to search for the gloved man. Schwartz, Adair and then Menzies hurry INTO scene, all asking questions at once.

MIKE
(turning back to them)
It was nothing important -- certainly nothing to do with this bombing affair.

ADAIR
But what happened?

42 CONTINUED

Quinlan comes INTO scene.

QUINLAN
(to the others)
Somebody threw acid at Vargas --
missed him --
(to Mike)
You were lucky.

MIKE
I guess I was at that...

QUINLAN
Why'd you let him get away?

MIKE
Well, the local police will do what
they can, I suppose...but I have no
official connection with them.

QUINLAN
Then who <u>are</u> you connected with?

MIKE
(coldly)
The Federal Government, Captain.
Tell me -- how did you happen to
know about the acid?

QUINLAN
Intuition.

Having enjoyed this little mystification, he now holds out the bottle which he obviously picked up from where it fell.

QUINLAN
(continuing)
...Also, I looked around --
(to the others;
with a smug grin)
-- that was while Vargas and his
Keystone Cops were holding their
little conference --

His tone is openly insulting. Mike glares at him for a moment before speaking.

MIKE
Does your famous intuition also
tell you about my wife, Captain?

ADAIR
Your wife?

42 CONTINUED - 2

MIKE
She was accosted in the street and led across to some dive on your side of the border.

QUINLAN
(looks shrewdly at him before speaking)
Describe this man.

MIKE
The first one seems to have been young, good-looking --

QUINLAN
The first one? -- Then there were two men. Was she brought to this 'dive' by force?

MIKE
Not exactly -- it's called the 'Hotel Houston,' and---

ADAIR
The 'Houston?'

SCHWARTZ
(quickly to Mike)
It belongs to the Grandis.

ADAIR
(coming forward)
It sure isn't a place I'd like my wife to go to.

MIKE
One of the Grandis was there waiting for her. Short, fat, with a mustache. That's Susan's description -- I haven't run into him myself.

QUINLAN
(mumbling)
'Uncle Joe.'

MIKE
(turning to him)
What?

QUINLAN
(with a growl)
They call him 'Uncle Joe.'
(a pause)
...Go on.

42 CONTINUED - 3

MIKE
What do you mean, "go on?" -- I've told you what happened -- aren't you going to do something about it?

QUINLAN
Do what -- about what? If you're making a charge I've got to ask you the complaint. Or isn't that police procedure in Mexico?

MIKE
(fighting to keep control)
I'm calling on you seriously -- yes, and <u>officially</u> -- to take action.

QUINLAN
Your wife was attacked?

MIKE
No, but --

QUINLAN
You said she was molested -- in what way?

MIKE
She wasn't <u>physically</u> molested.

QUINLAN
Was obscene language used?

MIKE
I don't think so.

QUINLAN
You don't think so. You say your wife was accosted in the street. You say she went with this "good-looking young man" across the border to the "Hotel Houston" -- Why do you think she allowed herself to be picked up like that -- by a total stranger?

MIKE
She was not "picked up" --

QUINLAN
But this "good-looking young man" who "accosted" her -- he <u>was</u> a stranger?

42 CONTINUED - 4

MIKE
Yes, although --

QUINLAN
(cutting in)
And you wouldn't call that getting picked up in the street?

ADAIR
(coming forward with nervous diplomacy)
Excuse me, Hank -- but I think maybe you're twisting Mr. Vargas's words slightly.
(to the others with a self-consciously "breezy" laugh)
Hank's a born lawyer, you know --

QUINLAN
Lawyer?

ADAIR
You'd be a great prosecuter, Hank, but --

QUINLAN
Not me. -- All a lawyer cares about is the law --

MIKE
Isn't the law what you're supposed to enforce? You are a policeman, aren't you? Well, that doesn't make you a judge. Policemen don't write the laws. They're just supposed to keep the peace -- to protect. Quinlan, if this is your idea of protection -- I'm not going to leave my wife out of my sight for a minute.

QUINLAN
Not a bad idea at that, Vargas -- with a pretty young wife.

Mike is pale with rage. Quinlan turns away.

QUINLAN
(to the others)
I've got work to do. Come on, Gus -- let's get back to civilization.

On a CLOSEUP of Mike's reaction,

OW DISSOLVE TO

43 INT. HOTEL - SUSAN AND MIKE'S BEDROOM

Flashing neon-sign effects and hectic off-stage mixture of dance music.

A narrow street -- no more than an alley -- separates the bedroom window from the window of another building. A MAN stands at this opposite window. He holds an electric torch and plays it into Susan's bedroom -- following her as she moves, arms full of clothes, from the closet to her bed. She is packing -- trying hard not to pay any attention to the teasing flashlight. But her temper gets the better of her; she switches on the light, and then marches to the window.

SUSAN
(calling furiously across)
See any better this way?

She glares at the window opposite. The room where The Man stands is also dark and from Susan's viewpoint the man is just a figure holding a flashlight. She suspects who it is, "Pancho," but she can't be sure.

SUSAN
Hey, buster. You can turn it off now...
(a pause)
You're wasting your batteries.

The flashlight switches off...but The Figure opposite remains motionless -- obviously trying to stare her down. Abruptly she turns back into the room, seizes the hanging light bulb, unscrews it and then suddenly whirls -- pitching it expertly across the alley at the other window. There is a gratifying noise as the bulb bursts in the darkened room opposite, but this is immediately spoiled for Susan by a low derisive laugh ... "Pancho's" laugh...

A slight pause... then

MIKE'S VOICE
Hi Susie --

She turns back from the window.

44 REVERSE ANGLE

Mike has just opened the door.

MIKE
What are you doing -- in the dark like this?

SUSAN
There isn't any shade on the window --

44 CONTINUED

MIKE
Oh...but you aren't undressed.

SUSAN
I was.

MIKE
(mystified)
Can I turn the light on now?

SUSAN
No, you can't.

MIKE
(slightly irritated)
Why not?

SUSAN
Because there isn't any bulb --
any more.

She swings her bags off the bed.

MIKE
(exasperated)
It looks like you're packing;
well --

She marches OUT of the room.

45 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - PAN SHOT

as Susan COMES OUT of the bedroom followed by Mike:

MIKE
... If this means you are taking
the plane back to Mexico City, all
I can say is -- I'm very glad.

SUSAN
(marching down
the stairs)
I'm very glad you're very glad.

MIKE
Susie, -- be fair. Your coming
here wasn't my idea --

46 THE HOTEL LOBBY - LOCATION

Small and shabby at best, but at this time of the morning -- almost unendurably dreary. A phone is RINGING...

46 CONTINUED

MIKE
(looking around the sordid little lobby)
...I can just imagine your mother's face if she could see our honeymoon hotel --

The phone is being answered by the night clerk who turns now to tell Mike in Spanish that he's wanted. Susan registers her disappointment as Mike goes to the phone. Meanwhile, a SEEDY-LOOKING STREET LOAFER TYPE has APPEARED at the door.

SUSAN
Go away. I don't want any postcards.

The seedy type tip-toes hastily up to her and deposits an envelope in Susan's hand.

TYPE
You'll want this, Senhora --

He scuttles OUT again. Meanwhile Mike hangs up the phone and starts back to Susan.

SUSAN
(calling after the type)
Here, -- what's this --?

TYPE
(turning at the door)
A man in the street paid me to make sure this was put into your hands...

He melts away as Mike returns to Susan.

MIKE
(preoccupied)
...Quinlan thinks he's on to the man who set that bomb...somebody named Sanchez -- Mañalo Sanchez - a Mexican.

SUSAN
(flatly)
Does this mean you're leaving me again?

She opens the envelope.

MIKE
It's pretty important, Susan.

Susan looks at what has come out of the envelope. A note is clipped to the face of a photograph. She reads the note aloud to Mike.

46 CONTINUED - 2

SUSAN
It says, "A souvenir ---with a million kisses --
Pancho"

Furious, she yanks the paper off the photo.

47 INSERT - THE PICTURE

It shows a smiling Susan with the young, handsome Mexican on her arm at the point of stepping into the "Hotel Houston."

48 BACK TO SCENE

She hands it to Mike.

SUSAN
Mike -- I'm coming with you.

MIKE
To the American Police Station --?

SUSAN
(she picks up her bags)
To the American motel --

MIKE
What motel?

SUSAN
There must be one on the other side of the border.

MIKE
The other side of the border --

SUSAN
I'll be safe there, and you won't have to worry --
(breaks off, seeing the changed look in his eye)

Mike MOVES OUT the door, Susan hurrying after him.

SUSAN
Did I say the wrong thing again?

CONTINUED

OW

48 CONTINUED

MIKE
(trying hard not
to sound stuffy
about it)
No, I suppose it would be pleasant
for a man in my position to be
able to think he could look after
his own wife...in his own country.

49 EXT. STREET

The honky-tonks look extra dismal in the dirty, grey light of dawn. The sleepy-eyed NIGHT CLERK has brought Mike's car around in front and during this last he takes the bags from him.

SUSAN
(with loving firmness)
Mike -- if I move across the border
now, it's just for comfort --

MIKE
Sure.

SUSAN
-- not safety.

MIKE
(pretending he's
convinced)
Whatever you say, --
(he holds the
car door open)

She gives him a quick kiss and jumps in. As he moves around to his side of the car -

CUT TO

50 EXT. STREET - ANGLING TOWARD HOTEL

GRANDI in a phone booth watching the car go and barking Spanish into phone.

51 FRESH ANGLE - DAWN

We HEAR o.s. Mike's car starting, driving away. Grandi catches a sight of RISTO peering through the glass window at him. Grandi slams down the receiver and rushes out...

52 EXT. BACK STREET AND PARKING LOT - DAWN

Risto tries to get away but Grandi is surprisingly quick; he catches the young boy and drags him by the front of his leather jacket to the street corner.

There is something familiar about Risto. The more observant may remember his silhouette from the acid incident in the alley.

GRANDI
(calling over his shoulder)
Sal! --

The aide who hastens to his call is not -- surprisingly enough, "Pancho" -- but yet another member of the large Grandi clan. SAL is an aging juvenile delinquent, not by any means the most attractive of the younger generation of Grandis.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

SAL
(in a whisper)
Not so loud, Uncle Joe.

GRANDI
(whispering)
Take him, Sal.

Obediently Sal gets a wrestler's hold of some painful nature on his cousin while Uncle Joe seizes a fistful of Risto's hair and beats his head savagely against the wall.

The following scene is played in hoarse whispers.

GRANDI
Who's boss of this family? -- Who's boss?

RISTO
My old man --

GRANDI
Vic? He's in the pen. 'Til he gets out --
(giving Risto's hair another sharp twist and banging his head again)
Who's running this outfit?

RISTO
Stop it, will ya?

GRANDI
(out of breath)
Who's in charge?

RISTO
You.

Grandi pushes him violently away.

GRANDI
What a setup to work with!
(groans in self-pity)
One brother in jail, the others dead -- and nobody left to carry on the business but a bunch of nephews, half of you too wet behind the ears even to go to reform school! Who told you to start that funny stuff with the acid? Who told you?

52 CONTINUED - 2

RISTO
I just wanted to give that wife of his something to think about on the honeymoon.

GRANDI
She'll have plenty, don't worry! She's--

SAL
The rug,--

GRANDI
What?

The exertion of chastising his nephew has dislodged Grandi's toupee.

RISTO
(with a snarl)
You lost the rug.

Grandi checks and sees that this is indeed so. He searches for it; finds it, and by the reflection in the glass of the window hurriedly rearranges the hair-piece during the following:

RISTO
(sulking)
My old man's in no shape for the pen-- if they give him ten, he dies.

GRANDI
(turning back from the window and speaking with passionate sincerity)
And if Vargas gets hurt, what happens?-- Vic is as good as convicted! Just leave Vargas to me. We're gonna get him-- but good-- and without layin' a hand on him. He's got a reputation and a young bride-- well, -- he won't have either when we're through with him! He's gonna leave this town wishing he and that wife of his had never been born...

OW DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Mike, speeding along in his car, Susan beside him.

54 INT. CAR

CAMERA starts with an INSERT of car radio.

VOICE ON RADIO
--an early arrest, says Captain Hank Quinlan, can be expected. The explosion--

The hand turns to another radio station, which is PLAYING a soft and sentimental Mexican tune.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Mike and Susan seated in the car, which has just stopped in front of the bus station.

MIKE
Don't you see, darling, if the murder weapon was a bomb planted in Mexico, and the accused is Mexican-- what a scandal this could turn into-- internationally.

SUSAN
(beginning-- but just beginning to see it his way)
Might be kind of rough-- on the tourist trade.

He stops the car.

MIKE
(very soberly)
Susie-- one of the longest borders on earth is right here between your country and mine ... an open border-- *not a single machine-gun emplacement* for 1,400 miles.

Susan yawns.

MIKE
(suddenly bitter again as he sees her expression)
But I suppose that all sounds pretty corny to you ...

SUSAN
(*a sort of sad*, but affectionate twinkle in her eye)
No ... I just figure maybe the danger of war is a little exaggerated.

54 CONTINUED

He looks at her for a minute .. then, as they start to kiss--

A VOICE
Vargas!

They break.

MIKE
(recognizing the owner of the voice)
Hi, there, Schwartz!

Susan turns and sees:

55 REVERSE ANGLE - HER VIEWPOINT

Schwartz is standing by the side of the car-- b.g. WE SEE a Bus Station, Quinlan LIMPS INTO SCENE.

SCHWARTZ
Captain Quinlan seems to be on to something new; you coming with us?

MIKE
Yes-- I have first to take my wife to the motel-- (X)

56 INTERCUT - SUSAN'S REACTIONS

QUINLAN
Pete'll take her-- that's the direction he's going. Come on, Vargas--
(yelling)
Pete!

57 FRESH ANGLE

Menzies comes INTO scene.

SUSAN
Oh, no, really, I--

MENZIES
No trouble at all, Ma'am--

QUINLAN
(to Pete)
You drive this car; Vargas'll come with us.

57 CONTINUED

SUSAN
Aren't you going to drive me?

QUINLAN
I got my orders to cooperate, and
this is it.

He starts toward his car.

MIKE
(quickly)
Susie, darling, I'll phone you--
(to Quinlan)
What's the name of that motel?

QUINLAN
"Mirador".

SUSAN
Don't bother
to phone.

QUINLAN
(opens the door of his
car, with a chuckle)
Ain't that a woman for you--
every time.

58 CLOSE TWO SHOT - SUSAN AND MENZIES - IN MIKE'S CAR

MENZIES
(in the driver's seat)
That "Mirador's" a mite hard to
find, with the new highway branchin'
off the way it does--
(realizing he still
has Quinlan's cane)
Hey! --

Quinlan's car has been HEARD to start up, and now it can be seen racing down the road, b.g.

SUSAN
That's all right, I can find the
way by myself--

MENZIES
Gee, his cane. I forgot to give
him his cane and he really needs
it with that game leg ...

He starts the car ...

59 TIGHT TWO SHOT - PROCESS

MENZIES
They ever tell you how he got it? --- eh?

SUSAN
Cane --

MENZIES
No, his bad leg --

SUSAN
Who're you talking about?

MENZIES
Cap'n Quinlan, he got it in a gun fight, Mrs. Vargas ...that's how --
(giving her an earnest look)
He was wounded stoppin' a bullet that was meant for me.

Cigarette and candy bar biz.

SUSAN
(almost, but not quite interested and already half-asleep)
Brave ...

MENZIES
Brave? ... Y'know somethin' -- I reckon the bravest thing Hank ever did was givin' up drink. He used to be a terrible lush, y'know -- and now look at him. No sleep -- still at it --

She looks about sleepily.

MENZIES
Mrs. Vargas -- Hank Quinlan's the number one detective in this state. Take a look at these. They're some of his newspaper clippings ...

He starts the car. As it drives off PAN DOWN highway to show: Grandi's car which has been parked up the road in the extreme distance. It starts up and follows Menzies in Mike's car.

CUT TO

59-A EXPLOSION

60 and 61 OMITTED

62 SIDE OF HILL - UP ANGLE

The side of the hill, partly covered with heavy steel netting, suddenly trembles under the impact of a BLAST of dynamite. PAN DOWNWARD with the spill of dirt and rock to the BLASTING CREW.

The man who has pressed the plunger, ERNIE FARNUM, a thin, tense man, turns to signal all clear.

Quinlan's car has stopped for the blasting and Quinlan, Schwartz and Mike get out, leaving Casey and the police driver.

63 OMITTED

64 EXT. SUPERINTENDENT'S SHED

Equipment marked "Linnekar Construction Company." PAN them past Farnum to the SUPERINTENDENT,

QUINLAN
You people made a complaint about some stolen dynamite. Anybody fired recently?

SUPERINTENDENT
I figured you'd be asking that --

QUINLAN
A boy called Sanchez?

SUPERINTENDENT
Sure -- the one that was playing around with Linnekar's daughter.

Quinlan looks toward Mike with meaning. Schwartz's attention is caught by something o.s. He turns to Quinlan.

SCHWARTZ
(indicating)
I just recognized someone. Over there --

As Quinlan and Mike look o.s.:

65 VIEWPOINT SHOT - FEATURING FARNUM

SCHWARTZ'S VOICE
--in the blue shirt. At the blaster.

Farnum, who has been watching them, abruptly turns away, centering his attention conspicuously on his work. Too conspicuously.

OW

67 CONTINUED

CASEY
He turned up at Marcia Linnekar's apartment. Black and Casey are there now, holding him for you.

During this the Blasting Crew Chief has signaled and Farnum now hits the plunger.

68 THE HILLSIDE - MED. UPWARD ANGLE

The dynamite explodes, causing the steel net to shudder. Dirt and rock slide down...Then, when everything subsides to normal --

BLASTING CREW CHIEF
(shaking his head)
Charge must have been light.

Clearly the blast has fallen short of technical expectations. Quinlan meets Farnum's eye.

QUINLAN
(with a quizzical, faintly threatening smile)
What's wrong, Farnum? -- You a little short of dynamite?

DISSOLVE TO

69 CLOSE UP - SUSAN'S FACE

Curled up uncomfortably, she is sleeping and as the CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see that Menzies is trying to wake her. The car has stopped in a peculiarly dreary stretch of flatland.

MENZIES
(shaking her briskly)
Hey, Mrs. Vargas -- wake up. Mrs. Vargas -- We're here. This is it.

She blinks and looks out.

70 FULL SHOT - SUSAN'S VIEWPOINT

The prospect is dismal, indeed. Bypassed by the new highway, the "Mirador Motel" suggests the beached wreck of some disreputable pleasure ship, -- the Hudson Night Ferry, for instance -- cast up on a strand from which the sea itself has long since receded -- abandoned by everything but a fitful scattering of litter.

66 GROUP SHOT - MIKE, QUINLAN AND SCHWARTZ

SCHWARTZ
Our office prosecuted that guy for voluntary manslaughter.

QUINLAN
Ernie Farnum? Got five to ten.

They start moving toward Farnum.

67 NEW ANGLE - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND FARNUM

As the three men walk toward him, Farnum "concentrates" on his work, his movements quick, almost febrile. He doesn't look up until Quinlan is standing right in front of him.

FARNUM
(tightly)
We're gonna blast again, --

QUINLAN
How long you been out?

FARNUM
Three months.

SCHWARTZ
(commenting)
Quick parole -- Who got you this job?

FARNUM
My lawyer -- Howard Frantz.

SCHWARTZ
Grandi's lawyer.

The DRIVER of Quinlan's car and Casey dash INTO SCENE.

CASEY
We just got a flash on the radio, Captain -- Sanchez ...

QUINLAN
What about Sanchez?

Quinlan starts to go.

FARNUM
(as a command)
Stand still! We're gonna blast.

71 CONTINUED

MENZIES
You can leave it here.

GRANDI
Out in the middle of nowhere? --

MENZIES
You're coming with me.

GRANDI
What's the charge?

MENZIES
I don't know yet. That's for
Captain Quinlan to decide.

SUSAN
(beginning to
wake up,
bewildered)
But what was Grandi doing out here?

GRANDI
I was just driving --

MENZIES
Grandi was following us in his car,--

GRANDI
(completing
sentence with
a gulp)
I was just driving along...

SUSAN
(vaguely)
Oh... Where are my bags?

Menzies during this climbs back behind the wheel.

MENZIES
We already put your bags in your (X)
cabin, Mrs. Vargas. There it is.

GRANDI
The last one -- Number seven. (X)

MENZIES
If you want to change, you can phone
the man at the desk. Off season
like this I reckon you're maybe the
only one stayin' out here!

71 CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN AND MILLER

SUSAN
(in numb despair)
This can't be it...

Susan sighs and starts to painfully ease herself out of the car.

MENZIES
It's all the motel we got this side of town, ma'am. The others are on the new highway and most of them are closed up 'til the season starts.

Susan climbing out of the car suddenly sees Grandi (his car parked b.g.)

SUSAN
Oh no --!

GRANDI
(he moves toward Menzies)
Yeah! Now listen, Sergeant, how long are you goin' to hold me here? I --

MENZIES
Shut up. Mrs. Vargas, can you identify this man.

GRANDI
(overlap)
I didn't do nothin' to you, Mrs. Vargas, --

SUSAN
I certainly can identify him: That's Grandi --

MENZIES
I know, --

GRANDI
I'm a member of the family, sure, but nobody laid a hand on her--

MENZIES
(to Grandi - overlap)
Shut up and get in the car.

GRANDI
What about my car?

OW CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

SANCHEZ
How do we begin?
(the ironic note he is trying to strike is belied by a rambling voice)
Do we play around first with a few nasty questions -- or does he get out the rubber hose right away?

FRANTZ
(to Marcia - pointedly exclud-ing Sanchez)
Say nothing, my dear. Just leave everything to me.

The door opens and Quinlan ENTERS SCENE followed by Mike and Schwartz.

QUINLAN
Marcia Linnekar?

MARCIA
Yes --

QUINLAN
You live here with this man?

FRANTZ
I'm Howard Frantz -- Miss Linnekar's attorney --

QUINLAN
(interrupting)
I know you, Frantz.

SANCHEZ
(suddenly)
Well, I'm Manolo Sanchez, and I haven't got an attorney --

QUINLAN
(ignoring him)
Miss Linnekar, you haven't answered my question: -- Do you two share this apartment?

FRANTZ
(quickly)
I must explain that on my advice Miss Linnekar is moving to Mrs. Brown's Boarding House. She will hold herself available for your later questioning -- I shall be present, of course. (X)

71 CONTINUED -2-

Grandi commences an abortive laugh -- Susan and Menzies turn to look at him.

A slight pause, then Menzies turns to look at Susan.

MENZIES
Oh, Mrs. Vargas...can I have the clippings?

She hands them back to him. Cackling cheerfully he drives off, leaving Susan a forlorn figure in the Texas wilderness.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SANCHEZ' APARTMENT - ANGLING FROM INSIDE THROUGH THE WINDOW

Marcia Linnekar stands at the window with the elegantly dressed attorney, Howard Frantz. They are watching as a police car comes to a stop in front of the apartment building and Mike, Quinlan and Schwartz get out and start toward the door.

FRANTZ
That's Hank Quinlan. I was afraid of that.

Marcia Linnekar flashes him a worried look.

SANCHEZ'S VOICE
Quinlan?

CUT TO

73 REVERSE ANGLE - INT. APARTMENT

Manolo Sanchez, a young Latin type, very sensitive and perhaps a bit neurotic, stands on the other side of the room. Also present are a couple of detectives, one of them named Casey.

SANCHEZ
I've heard about him.

CAMERA PANS him toward Marcia.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED - 2

QUINLAN
(with ponderous irony)
Of course.
(to Marcia)
Where was Sanchez last night, Miss Linnekar?

FRANTZ
Later, Captain, after she's rested.

He starts leading Marcia to the door.

SANCHEZ
(making a helpless move in the direction of Marcia)
Marcia --

FRANTZ
Come, my dear --

He escorts her OUT, closing the door behind them. Quinlan glares at the door for a moment, then turns to the detective.

QUINLAN
Might see if there's any letters there in that desk, Casey.

CASEY
Check.

QUINLAN
Looked the place over before?

CASEY
(with a sycophantic laugh)
We know better than that, Captain -- we were waiting for you.

Casey moves to the desk. Sanchez rises to protest.

SANCHEZ
No deben de hacer eso.

MIKE
Calmate.

SANCHEZ
No tienen ningun derecho de leer mis cartas! Tu eres policia Mexicano.

73 CONTINUED - 3

MIKE
Si.

SANCHEZ
Y es tu deber de proteger a un ciudadano Mexicano.

MIKE
No tengo ningunos derechos aqui.

SANCHEZ
Es muy facil decir eso. Pero si tuvieras honor de ser Mexicano harias por defender al Mexicano. Eres cobarde y tienes miedo de resistir a estos gringos.

MIKE
Un momento muchacho.

QUINLAN
(cutting him off)
Let's keep it in English, Vargas.

MIKE
(turning away)
All right with me; I'm sure he's just as unpleasant in any language.

SANCHEZ
(trying to cover his extreme nervousness with heavy sarcasm)
Unpleasant? Strange: I've been told I have a very winning personality. The best shoe clerk the store ever had --

QUINLAN
You weren't selling shoes on that road gang.
(he turns to Mike who is hovering near the door)
Stick around, Vargas.

MIKE
I intend to. Puedo usar el telefono?

QUINLAN
(coldly raging)
English, I said! I don't like to repeat myself --

73 CONTINUED - 4

MIKE
(keeping his voice steady with an effort)
I was asking him if I could use his phone --

QUINLAN
Asking him? --

SANCHEZ
El telefono esta en las recamar, senor.

Quinlan slaps the boy. A short, heavy silence...

74 CLOSEUP - MIKE

pale with anger.

MIKE
(quietly)
Translation -- "the telephone is in the bedroom, Senhor." That's all he told me.

75 MED. SHOT - GROUP

QUINLAN
(the sarcasm is only in the words; this tone is quiet and pleasant)
Go with him, Casey. Maybe he don't know how to work an American telephone.

Mike turns on his heels and strides INTO the bedroom. Quinlan LAUGHS genially, then gestures to Casey to follow Mike.

CASEY
(in an undertone)
I think I'm onto something here, Captain -- love letters...

He shows a packet of letters which he has taken out of the desk he has been searching. Sanchez makes an angry move toward Casey; Quinlan pushes him roughly back into his chair.

QUINLAN
(aside to Casey)
You can read 'em in the bedroom; I don't like leavin' that Vargas guy alone.

75 CONTINUED

CASEY

Okay.

Casey starts away.

QUINLAN

(calling after him)

Save the spicy stuff for me.

The other detective joins in the LAUGH. Schwartz registering that he's fed up. As Casey goes INTO the bedroom, Quinlan turns back to Sanchez.

76 THE BEDROOM

Through the open door b.g., we can partly see Quinlan and Sanchez -- and hear the questioning as it goes remorselessly on.

QUINLAN

Now - <u>in English</u> --

SANCHEZ

What do you want to know?

QUINLAN

Everything, boy. The works.

SANCHEZ

You were asking about my job --

CASEY

(at phone - to Mike)

You want "The Mirador?"

MIKE

Later.

He turns back to the door where Quinlan can be seen hammering away at Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

Well, I was four years in the shoe store --

QUINLAN

That's how you met Linnekar's daughter?

SANCHEZ

Selling her shoes --

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

SANCHEZ (Cont'd)
(short, almost
hysterical laugh)
-- and I've -- I've been at her
feet ever since!

QUINLAN
(bearing down on
him)
Then the construction job -- You
stayed just long enough on that
one to get your hands on some
dynamite -- didn't you, boy?

SANCHEZ
Why should I answer that?

As Quinlan seems about to strike him again, Mike -- sighing with disgust -- turns away and moves through the bedroom into:

77 THE BATHROOM

The SOUNDS of the brutal grilling can be HEARD faintly even here. Mike tries to drown it out by running water loudly in the basin. He scrubs his face briskly to wake himself up -- then reaches down to the shelf next to the side of the basin for one of the folded towels which are there. In doing this, Mike's groping hand knocks over a shoe box.

78 FRESH ANGLE

Schwartz comes to the door...as another CRY from Sanchez is HEARD.

SCHWARTZ
That game leg must be hurting
pretty bad...

MIKE
(drying his face)
Yeah...

SCHWARTZ
That boy's getting a rough deal --

MIKE
He could even be innocent, you
know.

He picks up the fallen shoe box -- which is plainly empty.

78 CONTINUED

SCHWARTZ
(with a smile)
"Intuition?"

MIKE
Why not? Quinlan isn't the only one. We all have hunches occasionally.

Mike picks up the lid which has fallen and replaces it on the shoe box.

SCHWARTZ
Well, who do you like for the real killer?

Mike puts the shoe box back in place on the shelf.

MIKE
Too early to say. There's that ex-convict --

SCHWARTZ
On that highway job. Farnum! Wait a minute... There was some dynamite stolen.

MIKE
And that crew's working for Linnekar.

SCHWARTZ
(grinning)
Amigo -- I think you're on to something.

They move back into:

79 INT. LIVING ROOM

The grilling of Sanchez continues.

QUINLAN
(looking around)
Quite an apartment for a shoe clerk... Miss Linnekar pays the rent, I suppose?

SANCHEZ
What if she does?

79 CONTINUED

QUINLAN
(coming in for the kill)
Pays your rent, eh? And how long has _that_ been going on?

SANCHEZ
Since her father had me fired from the last job, if you want to know --

QUINLAN
Naturally. He objected to having a Mexican shoe clerk for a son-in-law; so naturally, you had to put him out of the way --

SANCHEZ
(shouting)
Naturally --
(his bluff has broken down; his nerves gone; suddenly he collapses in hysteria)
Naturally -- _NATURALLY_!

He hides his head, sobbing to himself in Spanish.

QUINLAN
(to Mike)
Just because he talks a little guilty -- that don't make him innocent, you know...

Mike, feeling himself powerlesss, has moved to the door....

MIKE
You can show motive, all right; but won't you need a little more than that?

QUINLAN
We'll get it.

CONTINUED

OW

79 CONTINUED

MIKE
You've got to put him on the scene of the crime -- there's got to be some evidence --

QUINLAN
There will be.

Silence. Then Mike turns to the door.

QUINLAN (Cont'd)
Where you goin'?

MIKE
-- This is your case.

QUINLAN
Well, what finally convinced you of that?

MIKE
This isn't my country, that's all... I'm not convinced.

Mike turns and LEAVES.

QUINLAN
(to Sanchez)
Now, let's talk about last night --

79-A EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mike comes OUT, looks around and seeing a small magazine store next door, hurries INTO it. Meanwhile, Mike's car, driven by Menzies, is seen approaching b.g.

79-B INT. MAGAZINE STORE - ANGLING THROUGH SHOP WINDOW TO SHOW STREET OUTSIDE

MIKE
(as he enters)
You have a telephone?

PROPRIETOR
Right beside you.

Outside in the street we see Mike's car drive up and stop. Menzies gets out, dragging a reluctant Joe Grandi with him and goes INTO the apartment building. Mike does not notice this.

79-B CONTINUED

MIKE
(to proprietor)
Phone book?

PROPRIETOR
Somebody copped it. Get 'Information.'

Mike calls Information asking for the number of the "Mirador." We play as much of this as is necessary to carry the action in the street. As soon as Menzies drags Grandi out of scene --

CUT TO

79-C INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sanchez sits in the same chair, Casey and the policeman staring silently at him. The door opens and Menzies comes IN with Grandi.

MENZIES
(to the cops)
Where's Captain Quinlan?

CASEY
(indicating the other rooms)
In there -- making a search.

MENZIES
(calling)
Hank, I forgot to give you your cane.

Quinlan APPEARS at this in the bedroom door.

QUINLAN
Thanks, Pete. You delivered Mrs. Vargas?

MENZIES
Yes, and look who I picked up on the way -- he was tailing me in his car. It's one of the Grandi's.

QUINLAN
Sure, 'Uncle Joe' Grandi --

GRANDI
(sulkily)
Now why would I be tailin' a cop?
(pointing to Menzies)
He's an idiot!

CONTINUED

79-C CONTINUED

QUINLAN
(looking at him
shrewdly)
Maybe because you thought he was
a Mexican cop,-- because you
thought he was Vargas. He was
driving Vargas's car.

It's easy to see from Grandi's reaction that Quinlan has hit
it on the nose.

GRANDI
So what if I did think I was
following Vargas--

QUINLAN
Sit down and shut up.
(turning to Menzies)
Now you're here, Pete, you might
as well look around. Casey's
goin' through the desk. You take
the bedroom--

MENZIES
Okay, Hank!

QUINLAN
And the bathroom, Pete-- I didn't
have time to be very thorough
myself.

Menzies EXITS through bedroom door going on through to the
bathroom. Quinlan turns back to Grandi.

GRANDI
What's all this got to do with me?
I wasn't breakin' no laws. I was
just--
(makes driving gesture and
sits down at a heavy look
from Quinlan)
I don't even know these people.

QUINLAN
Grandi.

GRANDI
Yeah.

QUINLAN
Vargas got one of your brothers
on a narcotics rap.

79-C CONTINUED - 2

GRANDI
Yes, Vic ...
(pause)
... but Vic was arrested in Mexico City. Vargas is testifyin' down there at his trial, Thursday-- It's got nothin' to do with this town, or even this country,--

QUINLAN
Try any rough stuff, Grandi, and you'll see who it's got to do with--

CONTINUED

79-C CONTINUED - 2

GRANDI
I ain't no sucker, Captain. He's a big shot in the Mexican Government; listen, anybody lays a hand on Vargas between now and Thursday -- and my brother Vic's just as good as convicted.

MENZIES' VOICE
(calling from the bathroom)
Hank! --

QUINLAN
(calling back)
What is it, Pete?

MENZIES' VOICE
I found it!

QUINLAN
Found what?

MENZIES' VOICE
Come here and look --

CUT TO

80 INT. SUSAN'S ROOM IN THE MOTEL - DAY

The CAMERA STARTS on a radio loudspeaker... A whole family of especially corny hill-billies are WHINING and HOLLERING away. Now the PHONE starts ringing. Susan moves to it, and we PULL BACK for a:

81 MED. SHOT

Susan's clothes are scattered about the room. She has finished most of her unpacking and changed into negligee, ready for * sleep. Now she picks up the phone with one hand and with the other pulls down the shade against the glare of the early morning sun.

SUSAN
(into phone)
Hello.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

MIKE'S VOICE
Darling -- the news is bad. Quinlan is about to arrest that boy Sanchez.

SUSAN
(with a groan)
Oh, Mike -- is that why you called? To tell me somebody's been arrested?

MIKE'S VOICE
No --

CUT TO

82 CLOSEUP - MIKE

MIKE
(into phone)
No, that's not really why I called;
(lowering his voice; slowly, tenderly)
It's to tell you how sorry I am about all this, Susie -- and how very, very much I love you...
(slight pause)
Susie?

CUT TO

83 CLOSEUP - SUSAN

SUSAN
(into phone)
I'm still here, my own darling. Miguel -- I was just listening to you breathe. It's a lovely sound.

MIKE'S VOICE
Good-bye for now, mi vida... I'll be calling you back later.
(hangs up)

SUSAN
No you won't. I'm tired, I want to sleep - hey, Mike --
(she realizes the phone is dead -- jiggling the hook)
Hello...

OW CONTINUED

85 CLOSEUP - SUSAN

Her mind at ease, she climbs happily into bed.

CUT TO

86 OMITTED

86-A EXT. STREET - DAY

As Mike COMES OUT of the magazine store, Casey, at the door of the apartment building, calls to him.

CASEY
Vargas! -- Captain Quinlan wants to see you -- he's got something to show you --

Mike starts toward Sanchez' apartment.

CUT TO

86-B thru 89 OMITTED

90 INT. APARTMENT

QUINLAN
(loudly, angrily)
Now, in English -- how much dynamite did you steal?

SANCHEZ
What good would it be to tell you that I've never seen any dynamite?

QUINLAN
(change of tone)
Poor Rudy Linnekar -- he did all he could to keep you away from his daughter; but you just moved in here --

SANCHEZ
(weakly)
Marcia and I were married --

MENZIES
Yeah?

SANCHEZ
Secretly --

QUINLAN
She stands to inherit a million bucks. Ain't no secret about that.

MENZIES
And you got scared he'd change his will --

90 CONTINUED

SANCHEZ
(utterly defeated)
Why don't you let up for a minute --

QUINLAN
(going on)
So you got yourself this highway
job --

MENZIES
You -- broke into the explosives (X)
bin and stole --

SANCHEZ
(suddenly, very loud)
That's a lie!

MENZIES
(shouting him down)
-- stole ten sticks of dynamite!

SANCHEZ
No! No!

Mike ENTERS scene with Casey.

MENZIES
(to Mike as
he comes in)
Well, Hank has done it again --
he's nailed his man!

QUINLAN
(complacently)
Thanks to you, partner --

MENZIES
(modestly, making
a joke of it)
Me? Say, if that dynamite had been
a snake there in the bathroom it
would have bit me.

90-A CLOSEUP - MIKE

reacting to this.

MIKE
(half to himself)
...the bathroom?

OW

90-B GROUP SHOT

QUINLAN
I've got my orders, Vargas. Chief Gould says I've got to keep you informed, so I'm doing it. We've broken the case.

OW

90-B CONTINUED

QUINLAN (cont'd)
(very quietly, almost gently)
Rudy's car was blown up with eight sticks of dynamite. Sanchez stole ten, he still had two, and we found 'em both.
(to Sanchez)
Hear that, boy? -- we found the dynamite.

Sudden silence...

SANCHEZ
(very simply and quietly)
That's impossible.

QUINLAN
Two sticks of it -- the right number.

MENZIES
"Black Fox" - the identical brand.

SANCHEZ
Where did you find this?

QUINLAN
Right here, boy -- in the love nest.

SANCHEZ
Where -- ?

MENZIES
Just where you had it stashed, of course.

SANCHEZ
(almost a whisper)
What are you trying to do?

QUINLAN
(cheerfully)
Tryin' to strap you to that electric chair, boy.

MENZIES
(fiercely)
We don't like it when innocent people are blown to jelly in our town --

90-B CONTINUED

QUINLAN
An old lady picked up a shoe in Main Street last night. The shoe had a foot in it. We're gonna make you pay for that mess --

SANCHEZ
(overlapping this last to Mike with great sincerity)
They're trying to railroad me. I don't know why... I never stole any dynamite...
(starts to speak to Mike in Spanish)

MIKE
(warningly)
Better not --

Sanchez continues a passionate stream of Spanish, speaking with great sincerity. Mike turns with a shrug to Quinlan.

MIKE
You'll have to stop him yourself.

QUINLAN
(complacently)
From now on he can talk Hindoo for all the good it'll do him.

Sanchez finishes with a few more passionately spoken words.

MIKE
(after a moment's hush)
He swears on his mother's grave that there has never been any dynamite in this apartment.

QUINLAN
Sure, sure.
(to Casey)
Take him in and book him.

SANCHEZ
(to Mike)
Can't you do something to help me?

A DETECTIVE wrenches Sanchez' arm, forcing him to go along. Mike stares after them, without moving. At the door Sanchez looks back appealing, toward Mike. Then he is led outside.

90-B CONTINUED - 2

MIKE
You say you found that dynamite in the bathroom?

QUINLAN
Pete found it. Show it to Vargas, Pete.

MENZIES
(pointing proudly)
Right here...

CAMERA PANS to the desk to show: the shoe box.

CUT TO

91 and 92 OMITTED

93 CLOSEUP - MIKE

His astounded reaction.

CUT BACK TO

94 MED. GROUP SHOT

Menzies picks up the box and carries it to Mike.

QUINLAN
Easy does it, Pete, -- that stuff's tricky.

95 CLOSEUP - MIKE

MIKE
(slowly)
The dynamite was found -- in that box?

95-A TWO SHOT

QUINLAN
Pete found it. We told you that.

MIKE
(quietly)
I looked in that shoe box. Just now there wasn't anything there.

95-A CONTINUED

A long silence.

QUINLAN
I understand how you feel.

MIKE
Do you?

QUINLAN
(benevolently)
Sure I do...You people are touchy ...I guess it's only human you should want to protect your fellow countryman...

After a moment, Mike turns and walks in silence OUT of the room.

95-B CLOSE SHOT - GRANDI

Watching him go, then turning to Quinlan.

95-C EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Mike -- dazed, almost frightened by the enormity of his discovery -- comes slowly down the steps. After a moment Quinlan APPEARS at the door.

95-D FRESH ANGLE

Menzies with Grandi coming up to the door behind Quinlan.

QUINLAN
(calling down)
Vargas --

Mike turns.

QUINLAN (Cont'd)
-- Don't worry.

MIKE
Why should I worry?

QUINLAN
No matter what you go around tryin' to say -- I'm sure that folks'll bear your natural prejudice in mind...

95-D CONTINUED

MIKE
I saw that shoe box ten minutes ago, Captain -- I held it in my hands...

QUINLAN
Maybe you didn't notice --

MIKE
(speaking slowly and carefully)
I knocked it over on the bathroom floor-- I couldn't very well have failed to 'notice' two sticks of dynamite.

Short silence.

QUINLAN
Tell any story you like, Vargas --

MIKE
The shoe box was empty.

96 thru 98 OMITTED

99 INTERCUT - GRANDI LISTENING WITH INTEREST TO THIS EXCHANGE

QUINLAN
Sure... Sure it was... You go right on saying it was empty... Folks'll understand.

MIKE
I'm saying more than that, Captain. You framed that boy! Framed him!

99-A FRESH ANGLE

Quinlan seizing his cane like a cudgel, starts toward Mike... For a moment it really looks as though he might kill him right here in the street with that heavy stick... But something in Mike's eye freezes him...

99-B CLOSEUP - QUINLAN

99-C MIKE

He turns and starts toward his car.

OW

100 QUINLAN

watching Mike go... CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY as Menzies comes forward with Grandi.

MENZIES
(shakily - clearly worried)
What's wrong with him, Hank? Is he crazy?

QUINLAN
That must be it... crazy.

101 FRESH ANGLE

Mike climbs in his car.

MIKE
(calling)
Coming, Schwartz?

101-A MED. SHOT - QUINLAN, MENZIES AND GRANDI

MENZIES
(indicating Grandi)
Hank, what do we do with this Grandi guy? -- Take him in?

SCHWARTZ
(turning back to Quinlan, stiffly)
I think you ought to realize, Quinlan, if a man of Vargas' position is ready to testify --

QUINLAN
Yeah, and who are you working for?-- The Mexican Government?

SCHWARTZ
(standing up to him with an effort)
I'm working for the District Attorney.

He turns and GOES across the street to Mike's car.

QUINLAN
(calling after him)
Listen -- I've got a position in this town -- a reputation... Who's Vargas?

101-A CONTINUED

MENZIES
Vargas is kinda important, too, Hank...Somebody's going to have to give in on this thing.

QUINLAN
(grimly)
Either that or somebody's going to be ruined.

GRANDI
(edging up to Quinlan)
Captain Quinlan --

QUINLAN
What do you want?

CUT TO

101-B thru 104 OMITTED

104-A EXT. STREET NEAR THE BORDER CHECK - LOCATION

Mike turns to him.

MIKE
(in warm, worried tones)
Look, Schwartz --

SCHWARTZ
Al.

MIKE
Al, if you're really with me on this, we've still to prove it.

SCHWARTZ
We've got your word.

MIKE
We've got to show where Quinlan himself got the dynamite.

SCHWARTZ
But how?

MIKE
When explosives are purchased, there must be some record kept -- no?

CONTINUED

104-A CONTINUED

SCHWARTZ
Sure there is -- and also there's Quinlan's ranch. He might be using dynamite out there.

MIKE
There's one thing that worries me?

SCHWARTZ
What's that?

MIKE
I could be wrong about this, Al -- and that would be very bad for you.

SCHWARTZ
Let's see if you're wrong first, amigo.

Mike answers with a grateful smile, and as they start into Schwartz's car --

CUT BACK TO

104-B GRANDI AND QUINLAN

GRANDI
(in an undertone)
We're both of us after the same exact thing, Captain... If Vargas goes on like this -- shooting his face off like he was now --

QUINLAN
(cutting him off)
Run along, Grandi, don't make any trouble--

GRANDI
Trouble? Who's the one makin' the trouble? Vargas. -- For my brother Vic in Mexico City -- for you here--

QUINLAN
Beat it, Grandi--

GRANDI
You said yourself just now: Somebody's reputation has got to be ruined -- well, why shouldn't it be Vargas'?

104-B CONTINUED

Quinlan looks at him for a moment in silence, then, sensing Menzie's hovering behind him, he turns on him --

QUINLAN
What are you waiting for?

MENZIES
Nothing -- I just eh --

QUINLAN
We got work to do.

MENZIES
Okay, Hank --
(offering it)
Here's your cane.

He GOES BACK into the police station. Quinlan turns to Grandi.

QUINLAN
Well -- what do you want, Grandi?

GRANDI
I don't want nothin' that you don't want too, Captain.

QUINLAN
Come on. Spit it out.

GRANDI
(with what he hopes is an ingratiating smile)
Captain... We can't stand out here in the street... Why don't we meet somewhere nice and private... where we can sit down and have a drink.

QUINLAN
I don't drink.

He breaks off as Mike's car, turning, passes them and GOES OFF down the street.

DISSOLVE TO

110 INT. SUSAN'S ROOM IN THE MIRADOR MOTEL - DAY

We start on a VERY CLOSE SHOT of Susan stretched out on the top of her bed ... staring at the ceiling. The thin wallboard which separates her from the next room does little or nothing to protect her from the RADIO BLASTS of rock 'n' roll ... from the hoarse SHOUTS, GIGGLES and SCREAMS of the wild kids ...

A pause ... Then, with one of her sudden flares of rage, Susan jumps out of bed. She crosses to the phone, picks up the phone book and begins furiously leafing the pages.

CONTINUED

111 *INT. SWITCHBOARD AND RECEPTION DESK*

"Pancho" is talking to Sal and Chink Grandi.

"PANCHO"
-- You got the stuff?

SAL
(showing a small bundle of marijuana cigarettes)
I brought this. Two of the kids have some more.

"PANCHO"
And the hypo -- ?

The switchboard starts to BUZZ.

CHINK
(nervously)
Who could that be?

"PANCHO"
Take it easy, Chink. Whataya in such a sweat about?

CHINK
It's a tough rap if you're caught with this stuff --

The BUZZER has nagged on throughout all this and now "Pancho" lolls over to the switchboard.

"PANCHO"
(to the others)
This has got to be her --
(slipping open the switch, he assumes his polite "managerial" tone)
Yes, Ma'am -- ?

SUSAN'S VOICE
(filter)
Get me State 1212, please --

"PANCHO"
Very good, Ma'am --
(turning to put in the call)
State 1212.

SAL
Hey! That's the police department!

111 CONTINUED

"Pancho" instantly claps his hand over the speaker.

"PANCHO"
You sure?

CHINK
That's the police all right--
What do we do now?

"PANCHO"
We do nothing. We relax and have
ourselves a ball.
(into phone)
I'm very sorry, Mrs. Vargas, but the
telephone is temporarily out of
service. I'll call you just as
soon as it's repaired.

112 INT. SUSAN'S ROOM

She hangs up ... and turns back toward the NOISES which now seem to be nudging her to the wall ... Susan is no longer angry ... she is beginning to be a little frightened ...

113 INT. SWITCHBOARD AND RECEPTION DESK - DAY

"Pancho" is putting through a call.

CUT TO

114 INT. "RANCHO" BAR - DAY

... Except for a sleepy bartender, Grandi and Quinlan have the place to themselves. The phone starts to RING. Grandi goes on talking, as the bartender answers.

GRANDI
... so that's our little arrange-
ment, see? A real sweet setup; and
all the help we need from the law
is just--

QUINLAN
(cutting him off)
Knock somebody off-- I don't care
who-- and there won't be any "little
arrangement." Not with Quinlan.

BARTENDER
(calling)
Joe, it's for you.

114 CONTINUED

QUINLAN
Vargas can't hurt me.

Grandi moves to phone and picks it up.

GRANDI
(continuing to Quinlan)
-- Maybe not. But maybe-- with
our little deal-- we can hurt him.
(into phone)
Yeah ...?

QUINLAN
I don't make deals.

GRANDI
(into phone)
Sure, I'm all right. Just go
ahead like I said-- don't worry
no matter what she does.

QUINLAN
Something go wrong out there?

Grandi flashes him a look. He understands from Quinlan's note of concern that he's already well hooked. A pause .. Nervously, unthinkingly, Quinlan empties the glass of liquor in front of him.

GRANDI
(to Quinlan)
-- Nothing we can't fix.

QUINLAN
"We"-- Where d'you get that "we"
stuff-- I didn't give you an
answer yet--

GRANDI
(into phone)
I'll check with you.
(hangs up and walks
back to Quinlan)
Captain, you keep talkin' as though
this was some kind of a deal where
I ask you to get me out of a rap.
That ain't it at all. In this
thing we're partners ... Shall we
drink to that--?

He raises his glass.

QUINLAN
I don't---

He breaks off-- sees the empty glass in front of him.

114 CONTINUED - 2

GRANDI
Just for today, huh?
(to bartender)
Pete. Two more double bourbons.

DISSOLVE TO

115 INSERT - DYNAMITE SURVEY

"6/18 - Hill's Hardware - 20 Sticks - Black Fox Brand - to H. Quinlan, Los Robles."

Adair's VOICE - incredulous - reads the text o.s. As he comes to the last words, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to SHOW:

116 INT. ADAIR'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mike and Schwartz confront the flabbergasted D. A. Chief Gould sits near the corner of the desk -- as though presiding. The dynamite survey is spread out between the two factions.

ADAIR
-- That doesn't mean anything! --

He looks anxiously at Chief Gould who sits motionless -- but clearly boiling.

ADAIR
(slightly on the defensive)
-- Quinlan needed dynamite for work on his ranch -- a simple coincidence.

SCHWARTZ
Doesn't it strike you as kind of a strange series of coincidences?

The phone RINGS.

ADAIR
(turning angrily on Schwartz)
Al -- you've been in this office four years -- and you talk of coincidences as a form of evidence!
(he picks up the phone;
into phone)
Tell him just a minute --

116 CONTINUED

GOULD
(to Adair)
Quinlan?

ADAIR
(still holding phone;
worried)
He's just outside.
(he hangs up
and turns to
Schwartz)
Al, I'll be frank with you --
you might be wiser to get off
this particular case --
(putting a friendly
hand on Schwartz'
shoulder)
Take a rest. Go away for awhile --
I'm just giving you advice --
(turning to Mike)
As for you, Vargas --

MIKE
(with a tight
smile)
Your advice to me, I suppose, is
to go back where I came from.

ADAIR
I've done everything possible to
make things easy for you; and what
do you do in return, Vargas? You
bring these insane, wild charges --
against a man like Captain Quinlan --
the idol of the whole department,
whose record of convictions has
even been cited in Washington --

SCHWARTZ
(sharply)
I guess it comes down to this; do
we believe Vargas or Quinlan?

ADAIR
(appealing to
his reason)
Al -- don't make this any harder
for me than it is.

SCHWARTZ
You suggested a vacation.

116 CONTINUED - 2

ADAIR
(quickly)
That's right --

SCHWARTZ
Consider me on it -- as of now.

Schwartz turns and goes OUT. The phone RINGS again; Adair picks it up.

GOULD
(to Mike)
You're basing your whole case on this empty shoe box?

MIKE
Quinlan's whole case is based on the two sticks of dynamite --

ADAIR
(looking up from the phone - to Gould)
We've just got to let him in.

MIKE
It's all right with me.

ADAIR
(into phone)
Tell him okay.

GOULD
(to Mike)
And you say Quinlan planted the dynamite? Any theories why he'd want to do such a thing?

MIKE
Perhaps he honestly thinks Sanchez is guilty.

ADAIR
Yes, but --

MIKE
There are all kinds of policemen -- I don't have to tell you that. A few take bribes -- most are honest, but even some of the honest men abuse their power in other ways... Of course, I fully appreciate that I have no right --

116 CONTINUED - 3

GOULD
(jumping on him)
No right? Vargas, if you weren't a guest in this country, I'd toss you right out of this office.

MIKE
(mildly, as he gets to his feet)
You won't need to do that, Chief --

He starts toward the door, but it opens first and Quinlan ENTERS scene.

GOULD
Hank, I want you to hear this.

QUINLAN
I've heard it already.

MIKE
(turning to Quinlan)
You bought twenty sticks of dynamite, didn't you?

QUINLAN
Tell your story, Vargas. I don't have to answer your questions.

MIKE
The hired hand at your ranch says he used about ten sticks of dynamite --

QUINLAN
(quickly)
You been spying out at my ranch? -- A foreigner? --

ADAIR
(quickly)
Without my knowledge, Hank -- Without my permission!

MIKE
You now have ten sticks of dynamite in your explosives bin, Quinlan. That leaves five missing. -- Five -- That's the number of sticks you "found" in the shoe box.

116 CONTINUED - 4

Silence.

GOULD
(on the defensive)
He's just asking, Hank.

Quinlan, reaching in his pocket, takes out his wallet, and extracts his badge. Gould looks startled.

GOULD
What's that for, Hank?

QUINLAN
For letting him ask.

Quinlan drops his badge with a clatter on the glass top of the desk.

QUINLAN
After thirty years, walking beats, riding cars -- thirty years of dirt and crummy pay...

GOULD
(trying to placate)
Hank --

QUINLAN
(going right on)
Thirty years I gave my life to this department -- and you let this lousy foreigner accuse me...

GOULD
Hank, we were just giving you a chance to answer this crazy --

QUINLAN
(cutting in)
Why did I have to answer! -- No, I won't take back that badge until the people of this county vote it back!

This has an electric effect upon the two politicians he is addressing...

GOULD
Hank! Will you listen a minute!

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 5

Gould turns on Adair, who looks as though he wouldn't mind being in Antarctica.

GOULD
(indicating Mike)
I don't want to ever see this man in Headquarters for any reason at any time! You've backed him up...

ADAIR
Malcolm, I merely...

GOULD
You stood by while he impugned the integrity of Captain Quinlan and Sergeant Menzies -

ADAIR
I tried to stop him --

GOULD
Don't you realize what Vargas has done!

ADAIR
Malcolm, I --

GOULD
He's smearing hundreds of fine men -- men ready to give their lives to protect the people of this city!

Adair turns from Gould, to vent his frustration on Mike, who is watching this scene with an expression of bitter contempt.

ADAIR
(his fury building toward hysteria)
Satisfied now? You caused enough trouble -- are you satisfied?
(taking a step toward Mike - his face purple with excitement)
I want you to apologize...

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 6

MIKE
(incredulously)
Apologize!

ADAIR
And to Chief Gould!

MIKE
(cutting in; hard)
Want me to get down on my knees?

ADAIR
(hitting back)
If you want to stay here in this country, you will -- you'll crawl!

MIKE
(after a silence)
Mr. Adair -- I won't give you the chance to prove your authority in the matter.

Mike turns and EXITS. There is a moment of immobility. Adair is a beaten man, but tries to conceal it. Then Quinlan takes a step toward the door.

GOULD
Hank!

Quinlan turns. Gould holds out his badge to him.

GOULD
You're not going without this.

Quinlan seems to hesitate. Then he moves to Gould, accepts the badge with a forgiving smile from which he cannot quite eliminate a look of absolute victory.

QUINLAN
(slowly)
Well, -- now I guess I can talk...

Silence.

GOULD
What do you mean, Hank?

QUINLAN
(as though this was very hard to say)
I couldn't have said what I'm going to tell you now... I couldn't have said it in my own defense ...
y'understand?

116 CONTINUED - 7

ADAIR
Go on, Hank.

QUINLAN
What do you really know about this guy Vargas?
(pause)

The others exchange glances.

ADAIR
Isn't he in charge of some kind of clean-up on their side of the Border? Narcotics mainly --

Quinlan BARKS out a harsh laugh.

QUINLAN
That's right: narcotics...he's a drug addict.

ADAIR
No -- !

QUINLAN
He's got that young wife of his hooked too -- but good. Even if I hadn't seen the hypodermic myself --

ADAIR
Hypodermic -- you saw it?

QUINLAN
(curtly)
I just said so, didn't I?
(turning his back on Adair, addressing Gould)
That's how he came to imagine all these crazy things. It's typical. That's what his wife was doing in that dive on skid-row...They're just a couple of junkies.

They stare at him in silence.

QUINLAN
Of course, he's using his job as a cover --

ADAIR
You don't mean he's mixed up in the dope racket himself?

116 CONTINUED - 8

GOULD
Hank, if it's just your hunches--

QUINLAN
You don't have to believe me...I'll prove it; it's not my department, but I'd sure like to show you I'm not talking out of the back of my neck.

Quinlan, without comment, starts to limp away.

GOULD
-- Just be careful, huh?

QUINLAN
(turning back at the door)
Chief, -- I'll be very careful.

He goes OUT.

DISSOLVE TO

117 EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING

Mike COMES OUT of building, joining Schwartz who has been waiting for him.

118 MED. CLOSE TRAVELING TWO SHOT

Mike and Schwartz start across the plaza, through the traffic.

MIKE
That took guts, Al -- standing up to your boss like that.

SCHWARTZ
After today, amigo, you can do me a favor --
(with a wry grin)
Help me look for an office.

MIKE
(a little absently as he dodges passing traffic)
How's that?

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

SCHWARTZ
Quinlan's famous intuition might still turn out to be better than yours. If so, my intuition tells me that I'll be going back to private practice--

MIKE
(stopping and looking concerned)
Look Al--I can finish this alone...

SCHWARTZ
Yes, and maybe you can't.

MIKE
Let me try, anyway. I've no right to drag you into this any further. The Hall of Records is open to the public, isn't it?

SCHWARTZ
Yes,--but call on me if you have to. All you've got to do is solve a murder and also prove that the idol of the police force is a fraud--Amigo--you've got your work really cut out for you!

DISSOLVE TO

119 CAMERA STARTS ON:

SUSAN'S CLENCHED FIST POUNDING HARD ON THE WALL!

Then PULL BACK to show:

120 INT. SUSAN'S ROOM IN THE MOTEL - DUSK

She pounds again--still harder on the flimsy, composition-board wall...

Sudden silence. Then somebody on the other side of the wall bangs back in derisive rhythm. Her anger returns to Susan without displacing her nervousness. It is growing dark. She goes to the wall switch -- clicks it -- nothing happens. Now she almost RUNS back to the phone.

121 INT. SUSAN'S ROOM IN THE MOTEL

SUSAN
(jiggles phone)
Hello! -- Hello!

Clearly the phone is dead. She bangs the receiver back on the cradle. The MUSIC HAS STOPPED next door, and since the mocking "bang-bang!" on the wall - there has been perfect silence...but now suddenly there is a SHARP RATTLING SOUND at the lock of Susan's door.

SUSAN
(sharply)
What is it?

The NOISE at the door lock STOPS. A pause.

SUSAN
Is there somebody out there?

She hears a low SOUND of MEN GIGGLING. Then silence again.

SUSAN
(loudly - by now she's really scared)
The door's locked. Go away...

Another silence. Then a GIRL'S VOICE IS HEARD from the room next door.

GIRL'S VOICE
(calling in a low tone)
Honey...You - in the next room...

SUSAN
What is it?

GIRL'S VOICE
Come over to wall so I can whisper.

Susan runs to the wall, putting her face near to it.

SUSAN
Yes?

GIRL'S VOICE
You know what the boys are tryin' to do, don't you?

Susan doesn't answer; she waits for the girl to go on.

GIRL'S VOICE
(still whispering)
They're tryin' to get in there.
They've gone to get the master key.

121 CONTINUED

SUSAN
(whispering)
What for? What do they want?

A pause...

GIRL'S VOICE
You know what marijuana is, don't you?

SUSAN
(shakily)
Yes...

GIRL'S VOICE
You know what Mary Jane is?

Susan starts to say something.

GIRL'S VOICE (cont'd)
- Know what a "main-liner" is?

SUSAN
(still whispering)
Somebody who takes heroin by needle, isn't it?
(breathlessly)
But what's that got to do with me?

GIRL'S VOICE
Not the muscle honey, you take it in the vein.

SUSAN
You're trying to tell me these men are drugged? -- Is that why --?

GIRL'S VOICE
Shhh!

Silence... Susan stands with her face pressed to wall...waiting...

SECOND GIRL'S VOICE
(not whispering like the other but in low, thick-sounding tones)
They brought us here to have a party.

FIRST GIRL
(in her whisper)
A real wild party -- you know the kind, honey -- where anything goes.

121 CONTINUED - 2

SECOND GIRL'S VOICE
(words blurred)
They want you to join us.

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE
(still whispering,
but sharply)
They're comin' back!

Susan turns to the door. There is the SOUND of a KEY TURNING in the lock...

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE
The window!

Susan runs wildly to the window and pulls up the blind. A big, hulking figure in a leather coat and a trick haircut stands directly in the front of the window leering into Susan's face! She whirls away as the door opens. Two more young monsters -- typical delinquents ENTER the room. In the horrified silence, the WHISPERED VOICE next door is very clear.

GIRL'S VOICE
(derisively)
You're gonna get it, honey!

SHRILL GIRLS' LAUGHTER greets this -- the laughter building up to an almost hysterical crescendo. Susan screams! At this the MUSIC suddenly BLARES OUT -- louder than even Susan can yell...

122 FRESH ANGLE - SUSAN

surrounded by the young male gangsters who stand looking at her -- enjoying the situation. Suddenly the PHONE RINGS. Susan almost groans with relief. One of the hoodlums (SAL) calls to a girl in the door.

SAL
Take it, Ginnie.

Ginnie, the owner of the whispering voice COMES INTO the room and picks up the telephone.

GINNIE
(into phone)
Hello.

SAL
(to another girl)
Lia -- turn down the music a little.

OW

123 FRESH ANGLE

Lia who has been standing with still another girl (Jackie) GOES INTO:

124 THE NEXT ROOM

Lia turns down the volume on the radio, then she turns to the dresser, picking up a hypodermic syringe.

LIA
(to Jackie who stands in the door looking in)
Think we're ready for this?

JACKIE
Not yet, kid. The fun's just <u>beginning</u> --

They both giggle.

CUT TO

125 EXT. VERY FULL SHOT - THE MOTEL - DUSK

This shot features the desolute expanse stretching out on every side of the little motel. There is no distant house; not a flicker of light.

From inside the dark building come low, throbbing notes of MUSIC...

CUT TO

126 INT. SUSAN'S ROOM IN THE MOTEL

In the half-darkness the boys can be seen holding Susan, who is fighting them desperately, and in utter silence...

SAL
Chink, -- Blackie -- take her legs.
(calling to the girl)
Ginnie, -

GINNIE
(with a giggle)
What do <u>I</u> do?

126 CONTINUED

SAL
Get Smokie to hold her down.

GINNIE
Lemme stay, Sal -- I'll do it --
I wanta watch.

At this the other girls laugh with sudden, drunken shrillness - the boys grin. Susan continues to kick wildly - to squirm and jerk in their arms.

DISSOLVE TO

127 CLOSEUP - SUSAN

Her face by the dying light in the sky...the music THROBS ON...

DISSOLVE TO

128 INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DUSK

ANGLING DOWNWARD, Mike, a small figure in the dim well of the hall. On the table at which he sits are piled volumes of homicide trial transcripts, from which he is making extracts.

Except for the green-shaded desk lamp, the hall is dark - and except for Mike, it is empty. So intense is his concentration that he doesn't hear FOOTSTEPS, as someone COMES UP slowly behind him. Not until the last second - and then Mike swivels around in his chair, looking up, startled.

129 MED. CLOSE UPWARD ANGLE - MENZIES

is standing just behind Mike's chair, his jacket open, the holster of his gun showing. He is looking down at the pile of notes.

MENZIES
So this is where you've been all
afternoon -- How did they let you
in here -- a foreigner?

MIKE
The Hall of Records is open to
the public, Sergeant.

MENZIES
What are you doin'?

MIKE
You'll find out tomorrow.

129 CONTINUED

MENZIES
I want to know now.

They scuffle and Menzies grabs the papers, backing away.

MENZIES
What is this?

MIKE
Records of every case where you and Quinlan uncovered the principal evidence. In each case, as you will notice, the defense denied the existence of that evidence...

MENZIES
(collapsing)
What are you tryin' to do? -- Wreck him?

MIKE
Him? What about you? Are you telling me you never planted any evidence, Sergeant?

MENZIES
Of course not! -- Neither did Hank. Never!

MIKE
It's all there. The axe in the Berger killing, the dentures in the Ewell case, the lead pipe --

Menzies starts to tear the papers.

MIKE (Cont'd)
Go on -- tear them. It's all there in the records.

He indicates file cabinets.

MENZIES
(his head in hands)
Vargas, have you got any idea what a -- hero Captain Quinlan is to the whole department--? All these years he's spent building up a reputation, now you --

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED - 2

MIKE
(breaking in)
All these years you and Quinlan have been planting evidence, -- framing suspects --

MENZIES
That's a lie!

MIKE
I think I can prove it --

MENZIES
Sure, you can smear him -- ruin his whole life's work --
(desperately)
Vargas -- I don't even know where he is! That's what you've done to him.

MIKE
I've done to him --

MENZIES
He's on an important case, and he's disappeared --! Drunk, probably -- After twelve years on the wagon -- that's what you've done to him.

MIKE
What about Quinlan, Sergeant? What's he done? What about all those people in the death house? Save your tears for them.

He brushes past Menzies and strides OUT OF SCENE.

CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK to show Menzies, a desolate figure in the shadow of the great filing cabinets.

DISSOLVE TO

131 FULL SHOT - THE MOTEL - NIGHT

Mike's car drives up and he gets out.

CAMERA PANS him as he hurries to the door marked "Manager's Office."

132 OMITTED

OW

133 INT. SWITCHBOARD AND RECEPTION DESK

A VERY OLD MAN sits behind the desk. The only light comes from a candle.

MIKE
(bursting into scene)
What's happened in here --

OLD MAN
Somebody's been monkeying with the fuses. Ain't my job to fix 'em -- even if I knew how --

MIKE
Can you show me to my wife's room?

OLD MAN
Ain't nobody here, Mister.

MIKE
Don't be ridiculous. My wife's been here since this morning. Vargas is the name. Look it up.

OLD MAN
That must be Cabin Six -- or maybe Seven.

MIKE
Will you show me where it is?

OLD MAN
Ain't nothing to see, but come on --

Picking up the candle, he leads the way out, Mike following.

134 EXT. ROW OF MOTEL ROOMS - FULL SHOT

The very old man titters along, holding his candle and casting weird shadows on the scabrous walls.

OLD MAN
They must've had some kind of brawl in here. The place is a mess, but if they think I'm going to clean it --

MIKE
(quickly)
A brawl? You mean a fight --

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

OLD MAN
(with a leer as he
unlocks the door
to Susan's room)
Not that kind of brawl, Mister.
Take a look for yourself. You'll
see what I mean --

He opens the door and Mike hurries INTO the room.

135 INT. SUSAN'S MOTEL ROOM

The old man follows Mike IN with his candle.

OLD MAN
What they had in here was one of
those "parties" -- know the kind?

MIKE
This can't be my wife's room...

OLD MAN
Ain't those her clothes?

Mike turns and sees Susan's bags and a recognizable dress.

MIKE
(slowly, terribly
shocked)
I don't understand...

OLD MAN
Look at them things on the floor.
You've got a nose, ain't you?

Mike stoops and picks up a couple of stubs of marijuana cigarettes.

OLD MAN
It really stinks in here! Reefers...
That's a prison offense, Mister; but
I wasn't here -- I'm the night man --
when I came to work half an hour
ago, they was all on their way out --

Mike has picked up and opened the brief case, the same one he tossed into the car in the morning with Susan's things. Now he wheels on the old man.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED

MIKE
You haven't been here -- you haven't been in this room?

OLD MAN
I just looked in --

MIKE
You didn't touch anything?

OLD MAN
No, sir --

MIKE
I had a gun in this case. You didn't take that gun?

OLD MAN
(suddenly terrified)
A gun? What would I do with a gun?

MIKE
(half to himself)
Somebody wanted it ... He didn't just want a gun. He wanted mine -- but what for --?

OLD MAN
I dunno, but if they hadn't put that Grandi boy on the desk today, none of this could've happened --

MIKE
(quickly)
Grandi?

OLD MAN
Sure; who d'ye think this place belongs to?

MIKE
(in a tight voice)
Where are they?

OLD MAN
The kids? How should I know? They roam around in them hot rods ...

MIKE
Where do they usually hang out?

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED - 2

CAB DRIVER
About this time they're mostly at "El Rancho" in the bar.

MIKE
(his eyes glowing fiercely in the candle-light)
The Rancho...that's on _my_ side of the border!

As he DASHES OUT of the room.

DISSOLVE TO

135-A EXT. "HOTEL RITZ" - NIGHT

Except for the bar downstairs (the same one where Grandi and Quinlan had their first meeting) the shabby little building is dark. But now -- in a grimy window on the second floor -- a light is turned on.

135-A-1 DOOR TO DIRTY HOTEL ROOM

In scrubby letters there is marked "Room 18" on the door. Grandi is KNOCKING softly.

GRANDI
(in a half-whisper)
You ready in there -- ?

He opens the door. CAMERA MOVES with him into:

135-B INT. DIRTY HOTEL ROOM

Ginnie, Lia and Bobbie are grouped around Susan who lies unconscious on the bed. They hastily cover her with a sheet as Grandi COMES INTO the room.

GRANDI
You got her undressed?

GINNIE
Yeah, and more reefer stubs scattered around ...

GRANDI
(quickly)
You kids didn't use none of that stuff yourselves? Eh?

135-B CONTINUED

LIA
Think we're crazy?

GRANDI
(still in a half-whisper with severity)
Nobody in the Grandi family gets hooked, understand -- that's the rule.

GINNIE
We blew the smoke into her clothes, that's all --

LIA
Like you told us, we just put on a good show to scare her --

GRANDI
Let's hope it was good enough ... When she wakes up, she's gotta think maybe somethin' really did happen -- all right, now, beat it.

LIA
We weren't doing this for fun, Uncle Joe --

GRANDI
You'll get your dough tomorrow. Beat it.

Exchanging sulky looks the girls LEAVE the room. Grandi follows them to the door and as soon as he's satisfied they have left, turns and calls softly in the opposite direction.

GRANDI
(in a half-whisper)
Okay...

The SOUND of Quinlan's limping tread is heard before he moves out of the shadows. He says nothing to Grandi, but goes past him into:

135-B-1 FRESH ANGLE - INT. DIRTY HOTEL ROOM

QUINLAN
Turn out the light.

GRANDI
But why? Nobody can see you up here... (X)

135-B-1 CONTINUED

Quinlan gives him a look and Grandi with a nervous shrug clicks off the light switch. A bright sign flashes from the street outside, alternately glaring into the little room and plunging it into darkness. Quinlan moves forward toward the bed. On the wall next to it is a phone. Quinlan has clearly been drinking heavily and moves and talks almost like a sleepwalker.

QUINLAN
You're sure? ...

GRANDI
Of course not --

He backs off, looking nervously at Quinlan who now brings out a pair of gloves and starts carefully putting them on.

GRANDI (Cont'd)
What are you doing --?

QUINLAN
Don't want to leave any prints ...

GRANDI
I don't get it ... I don't even
see why you wanted us to bring her (X)
all the way into town here ...

QUINLAN
I'd be seen driving out to the (X)
motel -- my car is known --

GRANDI
What of it? -- You're a cop makin'
an arrest -- (X)

QUINLAN
The Vice Squad'll do that ...

He brings out a gun.

GRANDI
(sharply)
What's that for?

QUINLAN
Keep your voice down! I wanted
you here for a reason --

Quickly and with great professional competence he pats Grandi's clothes, locates a small pistol and brings it out, tossing it on the floor beside the bed. Then, still covering Grandi with his own gun, he picks up the receiver of the phone, calling a number.

OW CONTINUED

135-B-1 CONTINUED - 2

GRANDI
(his jitters growing worse by the minute)
That's the police station --

QUINLAN
(into phone)
Sergeant Menzies ...

GRANDI
You're drunk, Quinlan ... just stop and think for a minute -- if you turn me in, I'll have quite a story to tell --

QUINLAN
You sure would ... you're the expert on filth -- I know about you, Uncle Joe.

GRANDI
(terrified by now, but still trying to bluff)
What do you mean?

QUINLAN
(into phone)
Pete --? Of course it's me. What's the news? ...

CUT TO

135-C OMITTED

135-D INT. SQUAD ROOM

Only a corner of the room shows. Sanchez is seen in b.g. with Casey.

MENZIES
(into phone)
Sanchez still hasn't broken ... What? Vargas's wife? -- a narcotics rap? ...

CUT BACK TO

135-E INT. HOTEL ROOM

QUINLAN
... One of the men that was on this wild party gave me a buzz; you just relay it to the Vice boys as anonymous: "Hotel Houston -- Room 18" ... The way I hear it, things really got out of control -- Don't be surprised what they find --

MENZIES' VOICE
(filter)
What about me, Hank? What do I do?

QUINLAN
You keep after Sanchez -- Break him! -- Break him!

He hangs up.

GRANDI
Well, now it's set up ... We'd better blow --
(suddenly he breaks off - sharply)
Whataya doin' with that?

Quinlan has picked up one of Susan's stockings from the bed.

QUINLAN
I told you I had a reason for getting you here alone, Grandi --

GRANDI
Wait a minute, I -- !

CONTINUED

OW

135-E CONTINUED

Quinlan, pocketing his gun, in the same movement, has seized the other end of the stocking. Now, before Grandi can get out of the door, the stocking is looped around his neck. Very quickly, expertly and in absolute silence, Quinlan chokes him to death.

SUSAN'S VOICE
Mike! --

135-F OMITTED

135-F-1 CLOSEUP - SUSAN IN BED

Stirring into troubled half-consciousness.

SUSAN
Is that you, Mike -- ?

135-F-2 UP ANGLE - QUINLAN AND GRANDI

Quinlan's eyes have gone to the bed. He continues the operation of garroting Grandi, but holds his look on Susan.

135-F-3 CLOSEUP - SUSAN IN BED

She subsides.

135-F-4 QUINLAN AND GRANDI

Quinlan, satisfied that Susan is still unconscious, whispers into Grandi's ear.

QUINLAN
I'm a man with important work to do. You'd interfere with that work... Who do you think's more important to the world -- a dirty little blackmailer like you -- or me? --

He stops, realizing that he is talking to a corpse.... He lets him go and Grandi's body slumps down into the chair.

135-F-5 - CLOSEUP - SUSAN IN BED

Her eyes flicker open as, off scene, we hear the SOUND of the DOOR CLOSING.

SUSAN
(in a small whisper)
Mike......

With great effort she struggles to sit up....to look around.

135-F-6 - FRESH ANGLE

Suddenly the flashing street light shows her the face of Grandi, fixed in a hideous grimace of strangulation. Susan SCREAMS!

CUT TO

135-G EXT. GRANDI'S RANCHO GRANDI - EARLY EVENING

Mike's cab pulls up in front; he JUMPS OUT and DASHES INTO the bar.

136 INT. GRANDI'S RANCHO

The bar next to the big cabaret room. "The Gang" is here in force, and also two or three others not involved at the motel -- including Risto, the acid-thrower.

Suddenly Mike (a new Mike, completely transfigured with rage) BURSTS IN, SLAMMING the DOOR behind him.

The room is frozen in silence for a moment. Then Mike seizes Risto, practically lifting him from the ground.

MIKE
(streams of Spanish)

RISTO
Talk English, can't you?

MIKE
Where's my wife? What have you done with my wife!

RISTO
Why ask me?

Mike literally throws him across the room, where he knocks down a table in a CRASH of BOTTLES and glasses. The girls have backed as far away as possible and the boys are grouping for battle.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED

MIKE
Listen to me -- all of you! -- this isn't a cop talking -- this is a husband. I want my wife! Not one of you leaves till I find out where she is.

During this Sal has been edging around behind Mike and now swings a bottle at him. Mike ducks just in time, grabbing Sal and throwing him on his back. The others close in and there follows a battle royal. Mike does not escape unscathed. He is pretty badly hurt by the gang who are experts in dirty fighting, but they are dealing with a man possessed with an anger which almost amounts to exultation, a literally irresistible force. By the time Mike is finished, the room is a shambles and the gang broken and cowering before him. He has Chink in a bone-breaking grip and is just about to force the truth out of him, when --

137 FRESH ANGLE

Schwartz, FOLLOWED by TWO or THREE MEXICAN POLICE, HURRIES INTO SCENE.

SCHWARTZ
Vargas --

MIKE
Don't try to stop me!

SCHWARTZ
It's your wife, Vargas -- They picked her up --

Mike drops Chink to the floor and turns on Schwartz.

MIKE
What do you mean -- picked her up?

SCHWARTZ
The Vice Squad.

Mike stares at him almost in a state of shock.

MIKE
(in dull, stricken tones -- speaking to himself)
Quinlan...

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

SCHWARTZ
(very quietly)
You'd better come outside, amigo --

MIKE
(beside himself with distraction - almost choking Schwartz)
No...tell me...tell me what happened?

SCHWARTZ
(half-whispering)
They found her in the "Hotel Houston" ...half-naked on one of the beds -- drugged. There were reefer stubs... And a heroin fix. Grandi was lying on the floor --
(this next is hard for him to say)
But Vargas --
(really whispering now)
The charge isn't just possession of narcotics --

MIKE
(scarcely able to speak)
What is it then?

SCHWARTZ
(very quietly)
Murder.

On Mike's reaction we:

DISSOLVE TO

138 REVERSE ANGLE - DOWN SHOT FAVORING SUSAN

She sits up on the edge of the bunk, the blanket draped around her shoulders, covering her. Mike is beside her. The Police Surgeon stands back, against the bars of the cell. Menzies ENTERS scene b.g., as Mike puts his arms around Susan's shoulders She begins to cry, very softly, leaning against him, demanding his protection. Mike tenderly rubs away some of Susan's tears with his forefinger. He glances up as Menzies appears in the corridor.

POLICE SURGEON
(to Menzies)
It's all down in the report. They found signs of a mixed party...

139 OMITTED

140 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN

She doesn't seem to comprehend. She is still trying to understand what she is doing in this place...

141 INTERCUT - EXTREME UP-ANGLE - HER VIEWPOINT

MIKE
(repeating the words
with difficulty)
A "mixed party" -- ?

POLICE SURGEON
(grimly)
Articles of clothing; half-smoked
reefers, --

142 FRESH ANGLE

Susan twists spasmodically, groaning a little.

MENZIES
(to the Police
Surgeon)
Needle marks?

MIKE
(turning to them)
Something else could produce the
same effect -- demarol, for instance,
or sodium --

POLICE SURGEON
You can smell the marijuana on her --
it stinks in here!

Mike rises from Susan's cot.

MIKE
This whole setup stinks! How the
hell does Quinlan think he can hang
a murder rap on my wife? She was
with me when the bomb went off.
She didn't even know Linnekar --

MENZIES
(patiently)
There's no question of that murder
... An hour ago Joe Grandi was found
dead! Strangled -- with her stocking --

OW Mike looks off scene -- hearing Susan's cry...

143 CLOSE SHOT

SUSAN
Mike!

He goes back to her and she buries her face in his arms, sobbing.

SUSAN
Mike, take me home!

MIKE
Lie down now, Susie... please...

144 REVERSE ANGLE - MENZIES

Reacting...

145 MIKE AND SUSAN

MIKE
(very low)
And Susie...forgive me...

With a gentle pressure, Mike eases Susan back on the bunk.

146 INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Mike comes out of the cell, Menzies draws him aside.

MENZIES
(half-whispering)
I got to show you something --

MIKE
(disgusted)
What now?

MENZIES
Something I found in that hotel
room --

MIKE
More of your famous "evidence"?

147 FRESH ANGLE

Without comment, Menzies shows Mike the thing he has been holding behind his back. It is Quinlan's cane!

147 CONTINUED

MIKE
(after a moment)
His cane... Does that mean -- ?

MENZIES
(cutting him off
angrily)
How do I know what it means -- ?

MIKE
Shall I tell you?

MENZIES
No, you wouldn't be right.
(in anguish)
You couldn't be!

MIKE
(indicating
the cane)
Isn't this proof enough for you?

MENZIES
It coulda been planted there...You
say the reefers were planted, --
even the dynamite. Why not his
cane? -- Hank is no killer...

MIKE
(quietly)
Neither's my wife.

Menzies tries to answer but can't...

MIKE (Cont'd)
(earnestly)
If you still believe in that little
tin god of yours, you'll have the
guts to go after the truth --

MENZIES
(meeting his eye)
The truth...

DISSOLVE TO

148 MOVING ROLLER OF A PLAYER PIANO

The piano is grinding out "AVALON". The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show:

OW

149 INT. "MOTHER LUPE'S"

A tatty little "parlor" with dusty painted velvet hangings on the walls, rickety wicker-work furniture and a profusion of tattered silk-covered lamp shades. These lamps are still lit, but the dawn sky shows in the windows, the color of dirty dish-water.

"MOTHER LUPE" herself, a venerable figure, snoozes near the player piano. Quinlan is slumped at a table facing the door. His whisky bottle is almost empty. Suddenly the MUSIC STOPS.

"Mother Lupe" stirs.

QUINLAN
Fix it.

MOTHER LUPE
(rising with
a weary grunt)
It's getting tired. It's old.
Like us.

With a dry chortle of laughter she starts adjusting the mechanism

QUINLAN
I need another bottle.

MOTHER LUPE
Liquor's all put away, dearie. It's
daylight. You oughta go to bed.

QUINLAN
Another bottle.

The MUSIC STARTS again, and the old woman, shrugging, leaves the room. CAMERA TIGHTENS on Quinlan, whose bleary eyes focus on something off-scene.

150 VIEWPOINT SHOT - THE DOOR

It is open and Vargas is standing on the porch -- not directly in the doorway, but well back.

151 CLOSEUP - QUINLAN

He squints and fumbles for his glasses, then puts them on and looks again.

152 VIEWPOINT SHOT - THE DOOR

Vargas is gone.

OW

153 CLOSEUP - QUINLAN

shakes his head. Obviously he thinks Vargas may have been a drunken hallucination.

154 EXT. "MOTHER LUPE'S" - VERY FULL SHOT - EARLY DAWN

(Location -- Second Unit)

Even at this distance we can HEAR the clatter of the player PIANO. Mike has gone down off the porch and is moving toward CAMERA which PANS him to the phone booth.

155 REVERSE ANGLE (VENICE LOCATION)

Menzies is on the phone. He puts his hand on the receiver and turns to Mike.

MENZIES
Does it look like he's ready to leave?

MIKE
He's just sitting there.

MENZIES
He could stay there the rest of the week. That's what he used to do when he'd go on those benders --
(into phone)
Okay, I'll check with you later.

He hangs up, and moves out of the phone booth.

MENZIES
Risto...that Grandi boy you got us to bring in -- he's started to talk. He says the kids were all fakin' -- and they didn't give your wife any dope. As far as the doc can tell, it was only that truth stuff --

MIKE
Sodium Pentathol?

MENZIES
Yeah; no harm in it. We're letting her go --

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

MIKE
(with bitter sarcasm)
Thanks -- !

MENZIES
Listen, Schwartz is driving your wife back here to the hotel. Don't you want to meet her?

MIKE
(grimly)
No. I've got to finish this thing now -- for her sake.

MENZIES
"For her sake?" -- Vargas, your wife's fine -- all she wants is to catch that early plane to Mexico City. There never was any formal charge against her. Even the vice boys aren't pressing anything --

MIKE
How nice of them!
(turning on him fiercely)
The fact that Susan won't actually serve time in the women's penitentiary makes everything perfectly all right, I suppose! Her good name, her family -- nothing's been touched by all this filth! -- Menzies, I'm not leaving here until my wife is clean -- clean! That's why you're carrying that microphone. I want the facts from Quinlan -- on tape --

Menzies adjusts the pocket microphone with an angry sigh.

MENZIES
I'll have to get him out of there first -- As long as that music goes on you'll never pick anything up --

156 REVERSE ANGLE

Menzies moves forward toward the house; Mike, in the f.g., adjusts the machine.

When Menzies has almost reached the porch, we suddenly hear his voice coming through the earphones Mike is holding.

MENZIES' VOICE
(filter)
I'm testing, Vargas -- testing.
Wave if you hear me.

Mike waves.

MENZIES' VOICE
(filter)
I'll get him out -- away from that music. Just be sure he doesn't see you.

Mike waves again.

157 CLOSEUP - QUINLAN

He is almost asleep, but now, sensing something, he opens his eyes.

158 VIEWPOINT SHOT - MENZIES IN DOORWAY

MENZIES
(shouting over the banging PIANO)
Come on out, Hank --

159 QUINLAN

A pause while the old man focuses; then:

QUINLAN
I _must_ be drunk. A minute ago I thought you were Vargas.

160 REVERSE ANGLE

MENZIES
You _are_ drunk. Come on, Hank --

161 QUINLAN

QUINLAN
Not drunk enough. Where's Mother Lupe with that bottle?
(calling)
Mother Lupe -- !

162 THE DOORWAY

MENZIES
She's fallen asleep somewhere.
(there is a new note of strained but real authority in his voice)
I'm tired myself, Hank. I'm not going to wait any longer. Come on --

163 QUINLAN

The new tone arrests his drunken attention somewhat and he rises, crossing to the door.

164 EXT. STREET NEAR HOUSE - DAWN

Mike, who has been getting nothing but the player piano through his earphones, ducks into hiding as Quinlan and Menzies COME out of Mother Lupe's. They move forward and presently their voices can be made out:

MENZIES' VOICE
(filter)
What's been goin' on, Hank?

QUINLAN'S VOICE
(filter)
You mean tonight?

MENZIES' VOICE
(filter)
Tonight... yesterday... the last eighteen years... Eighteen years is how long I've been with you...

165 VERY CLOSE SHOT - MIKE

listening. A pause...then:

165 CONTINUED

MENZIES' VOICE
(slight filter)
I gotta know, Hank.

166 REVERSE ANGLE

Mike hiding in extreme f.g. In extreme b.g. CAN BE SEEN the figures of Quinlan and Menzies, their voices HEARD (FILTER) as they come through Mike's earphones.

167 EXT. STREET NEAR HOUSE

Quinlan turns back toward the house. Quinlan stops -- doesn't answer for about two or three seconds. Mike strains forward... waiting for the next words.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
Every time in court I have to swear to tell the truth. Am I supposed to take another oath in front of you?

MENZIES' VOICE
Answer my question, Hank -- it's easy -- too easy to duck any longer.

168 CLOSE SHOT - QUINLAN AND MENZIES

QUINLAN
You already know the answer, don't you, Pete?

MENZIES'
(sick to his soul)
There's a lot I don't know, Hank. Let's start with tonight:--Why d'you take that pistol?

Quinlan lurches and starts forward, moving again toward "Mother Lupe's."

169 TRAVELING SHOT

At this moment, Quinlan has gone mentally "out of focus" as drunks do.

QUINLAN
Pistol?...noisy.

OW

170 FRESH ANGLE - MIKE

Mike is having some trouble following the words, the player piano however, is now only heard VERY FAINTLY in the distance.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
...You know the best way to kill, Pete?

MENZIES' VOICE
Strangling.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
That's the smartest way -- clean -- silent.

MENZIES' VOICE
You told me often, Hank.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
That's how my wife got it, you know.

MENZIES' VOICE
I know.

171 EXT. ALLEY NEAR HONKY-TONK STREET

Quinlan has come to a halt in a sort of alcoholic trance...lost in his memories:

QUINLAN
Bindin' cord... She worked up at the packin' plant, so the killer had it right to hand... Smart - you don't leave no fingerprints on a piece o'string...

MENZIES
(anguished)
Why'd you do it, Hank?

172 FRESH ANGLE - MIKE

He moves closer to them, trying to stay hidden and still in range

QUINLAN'S VOICE
(after a moment - his brain clearing slightly)
You must be gettin' silly in the head. I didn't kill my wife. That half-breed done it: We all knew he was guilty, but there wasn't no evidence. So what did I do?

OW

173 EXT. ALLEY

QUINLAN
Nothin'... I followed around after him and ate out my heart tryin' to catch him up and then the army got him; and out in some mudhole in Belgium the Lord done the job for me...1917...He was the last killer ever got out of my hands...

Quinlan starts to walk again...CAMERA DOES NOT FOLLOW, but PANS as Menzies follows him.

174 FRESH ANGLE - MIKE

Mike eases forward slightly.

MENZIES' VOICE
You must have been thinking of that string, I guess -- tonight --

QUINLAN'S VOICE
I'm always thinkin' of it, Pete -- Say, you remember the Burger Case?

Again, in the extreme distance, Quinlan CAN BE SEEN lurching forward -- in long uneven strides --

175 FRESH ANGLE - MIKE

Again Mike moves forward to keep within range.

MENZIES' VOICE
Remember it! I was the sucker that found the axe. Even after he confessed, Burger always swore he never left it there in the cellar.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
He would've gotten away with murdering his wife, Pete --

MENZIES' VOICE
You planted that axe --

QUINLAN'S VOICE
Pete, he used that axe to chop his wife into that mess we found --

OW

176 EXT. HONKY TONK STREET

It is utterly deserted as the two men COME into it.

MENZIES
-- Not that axe.

QUINLAN
Burger confessed -- what difference does it make?

MENZIES
What difference? Hank, you don't have the right to set yourself---

QUINLAN
Right! -- Did Burger have the right to cut his wife to a bloody pulp? You saw that corpse, Pete... We just made sure he paid for it.

MENZIES
Hank, I believed in you. -- You were a kind of hero -- but all the time, all these years...

QUINLAN
All the time we were doing our job, that's all: makin' sure that killers didn't get away with it.

177 REVERSE ANGLE - MIKE - AT THE HEAD OF THE ALLEY

MENZIES' VOICE
But fakin' evidence, lyin' --

QUINLAN'S VOICE
Aiding justice, Pete -- they were guilty -- guilty! Every last one of 'em! Guilty!
(after a silence)
We never framed an innocent man.

MENZIES' VOICE
But what about Vargas' wife?
(silence)
She's an innocent woman. -- Grandi's dead -- strangled... Who else will you frame for it?

Silence.

178 EXT. STREET

MENZIES
(bitterly)
You were gonna use Vargas' pistol, weren't you? You had some crazy drunken plan to use that Pistol--

QUINLAN
(a new note in his voice; he is sobering up)
How do you happen to know about that pistol?

MENZIES
Vargas told me.

QUINLAN
(after a moment)
That explains quite a lot -- why you're here now--and that thing you're wearing. What's it called?

179 EXT. ALLEY - CLOSEUP - MIKE

He strains forward anxiously.

MENZIES' VOICE
(misunderstanding--scared)
What I'm wearing?

QUINLAN'S VOICE
That halo--you're working for Vargas now.

180 EXT. STREET

MENZIES
I'm working for the department, Hank. I'm a cop--I ain't judgin' you... But I'm takin' you in...

QUINLAN
You're what?

181 EXT. ALLEY

MENZIES' VOICE
First you can give me Vargas'
pistol.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
If that's the way you want it,
Pete. I've got it right here --

MENZIES' VOICE
(filter; suddenly
sharp)
Hank! No, Hank --

The gunshots EXPLODE in Mike's earphones like thunderbolts!

182 EXT. STREET

Menzies stands teetering in front of Quinlan, a look of pained surprise in his face -- then topples to the ground. Quinlan stares down at the blood spreading on the concrete -- the gun is dangling from his hand...

183 FRESH ANGLE - MIKE

QUINLAN'S VOICE
(slight filter)
I didn't want to, Pete... Why'd
you make me do it?... Pete...

A short silence.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
(slight filter)
What the...!

The earphones go dead.

184 FRESH ANGLE

Quinlan is stooping over Menzies' body, holding the wires and the small mike. He straightens up, looking at the setup which will doom him. Instantly he understands. Quinlan throws away the mike and wire and, tightening his grip on the gun, STARTS AWAY --

185 MIKE

Mike, realizes that Quinlan has ripped the wires.

186 EXT. STREET - DAWN

Seeing Mike, Quinlan wheels, the pistol still in his hand.

QUINLAN
(shouting)
Vargas!
(the pistol comes up)
Pete Menzies is dead! Ya' hear that?
Pete's dead -- you killed him!
You're under arrest!

187 REVERSE ANGLE

Mike does not wait to reply. He starts forward, directly into Quinlan's line of fire.

MIKE
This is my country, Quinlan.

188 MED. CLOSE SHOT - QUINLAN

QUINLAN
You shot Pete. Now I'll shoot you...
Self-defense...they'll believe me...
they always believe me.

189 REVERSE ANGLE

Mike continues to move slowly forward toward the gun.

QUINLAN
They gotta believe me!

MIKE
(fiercely, but
very quietly)
Making your own laws, you had to end
up breaking the real ones --

QUINLAN
What kind of a cop are---

MIKE
(breaking in)
A cop doesn't work like a dog catcher,
just putting the crooks behind bars:
he enforces the law -- and the law
protects the guilty as well as the
innocent --

QUINLAN
This job is tough enough --

189 CONTINUED

MIKE
It's supposed to be tough. It's only easy in a police state. That's the whole point, Quinlan -- who's boss? The cop -- or the law?

190 CLOSE SHOT

Quinlan points the gun almost directly into the camera lens. We feel that it is straight into Mike's face and that now there is no escape...

191 REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSEUP - MIKE

There is no going back now. Or going forward. He does the only thing he can do -- he waits for the shot.

192 QUINLAN - CLOSER ANGLE

Quinlan sights down his gun... The CRACK of a gun sounds o.s. and Quinlan's face suddenly crumples. CAMERA SWEEPS from Quinlan to:

193 REVERSE ANGLE

Menzies holding the gun with which he has just shot Quinlan. Plainly this is a supreme effort in his last gasping moments of life.

MENZIES
You ... made me do it ... Han---

He does not finish; the last word chokes off as the gun slips from his hand.

194 CLOSEUP - QUINLAN - FROM MENZIES' VIEWPOINT

He sinks to his knees...then to his hands...

QUINLAN
Pete...that's the second bullet I've stopped for you...

195 TIGHT TWO-SHOT - FAVORING MIKE

He turns and Quinlan looks up groggily as the lights of a car sweep across the scene.

OW

196 REVERSE ANGLE - SCHWARTZ'S CAR - HOTEL B.G.

Schwartz driving, Susan sits beside him. The car comes to a halt and Schwartz jumps out. Mike runs INTO SCENE.

MIKE
Susan-- !

SUSAN
I'm all right, darling -- come on! We've still got time to catch that plane. -- Let's get out of here.

MIKE
(to Schwartz)
It's all here --

197 FRESH ANGLE - FULL SHOT - THE STREET - DAWN

A Mexican Policeman APPEARS B.G., running forward. Mike calls a few quick orders in Spanish. A few heads APPEAR at windows and in the distance a small scattering of people starts to gather during the following: --

Schwartz f.g. has taken the recording machine from Mike and has started to adjust it for the play-back.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
Pete...

198 MED. GROUP SHOT

Schwartz moves toward Quinlan holding the recording machine.

SCHWARTZ
Pete Menzies?... What about him?

199 FRESH ANGLE - MEXICAN POLICEMAN AND MIKE

MIKE
(turning from policeman) (X)
He says Menzies is dead.

200 MED. GROUP SHOT

QUINLAN
Vargas... he killed him...

Suddenly a strange sound comes to the dying man's ear: the SOUND of his own voice:

OW CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED

QUINLAN'S VOICE
(filter)
... I followed after him and ate out my heart tryin' to catch him up....

Quinlan's eyes go out of focus at this bewildering mockery -- at first he cannot manage to comprehend its meaning -- Then the swish and jabber of the tape explains itself.

MENZIES' VOICE
... ever frame anybody?

QUINLAN'S VOICE
Nobody that wasn't guilty!...... Guilty!.....

MENZIES' VOICE
All these years ...
(whoosh-whoosh)

SCHWARTZ
Twenty years of frame-ups--

Schwartz continues to race through the tape.

QUINLAN'S VOICE
... aiding justice ...

MENZIES' VOICE
... you were kind of a hero ...

201 CLOSEUP - QUINLAN

His cheek against the earth, he gasps out the words:

QUINLAN
Kind of a hero-- !

QUINLAN'S VOICE
Guilty! Guilty! Pete --

The SOUND CUTS OFF abruptly. Schwartz has silenced the machine.

MIKE
(with a sort of quiet impersonal severity)
Well ... now you've got a better hero... you have Pete Menzies.

202 MED. SHOT - MIKE AND SCHWARTZ

They are beside the car (Susan at the window).

202 CONTINUED

SCHWARTZ
(to Mike)
Quinlan was right, you know -- we got a confession -- just an hour ago --

Mike has started into the car; he turns back at this.

MIKE
What do you mean?

SCHWARTZ
The dynamite... the boy signed a full statement. (X)

MIKE
Sanchez!

SCHWARTZ
Sanchez. He put the bomb in the car-- (X)

Silence.

Quinlan is very still. He is dead.

SCHWARTZ (Cont'd) (X)
So Quinlan's intuition --

MIKE
(breaking in)
He was a great detective all right...
(half to himself)
... but a bad cop.

(X)

Mike gets in behind the wheel next to Susan. The CAMERA CRANES BACK as the car starts up the honky-tonk street.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO CRANE BACK AND UP, showing the dead bodies of Quinlan and Menzies and finally, in the f.g., the street sign, "Bienvenido Amigos!"

The car can be HEARD racing toward the airport as we--

FADE OUT

<u>T H E E N D</u>

OW